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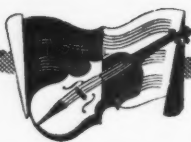
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<i>Béla Bartók</i>	John S. Weissmann	VII	4
<i>Egon Wellesz</i>	Hans F. Redlich	VII	2
<i>Two Symphonies: Berkeley and Goossens</i>	Robin Hull	IV	4
<i>The Scope of Delius</i>	Robin Hull	III	4
<i>Max Reger</i>	Hans Hollander	III	4
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<i>Prokofiev as a Soviet Composer</i>	Gerald Abraham	III	4
<i>Holst and the English Language</i>	W. H. Mellers	II	3
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Edited by GEOFFREY SHARP

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MAY, 1948

CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Provenance and Date of "Sumer is Icumen in"	B. Schofield 81
Mozart's C minor Piano Concerto (K. 491)	Hans F. Redlich 87
An Approach to Berlioz	E. H. W. Meyerstein 97
The Hirsch Catalogue	P. H. Muir 102
New York at Mid-Season	Everett Helm 108
Opera 110
Concerts 117
Book Reviews 123
Gramophone Records 143
Technical Report 148
Reviews of Music 86, 96, 101, 107, 116, 149
Correspondence 159

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The Provenance and Date of "Sumer is Icumen in"

BY

B. SCHOFIELD

A NOTE at the beginning of Harley MS. 978 by Sir Frederick Madden, dated 1862, reads:—"In all probability the earlier portion of this volume was written in the Abbey of Reading, *circ.* 1240". This assignation of date and provenance to the manuscript was based largely on a calendar which follows some leaves of music, including the famous *rota* "Sumer is icumen in", and since Madden's time his verdict has been accepted by such other notable palaeographers as Sir E. M. Thompson and E. A. Bond,¹ and this established opinion of the date and origin of the *rota* has scarcely been called in question until very recent times. Three years ago, however, a distinguished musicologist, in an article published by the University of California,² threw out a strong challenge to this long undisputed view. In a learned study of the position of the *rota* in general musical history, he came to the conclusion that "there is no proof whatsoever that the music section was written at Reading"³—(although he does not go so far as to assert it was definitely not written there)—and that far from being composed *circ.* 1240, it "was written in the early period of duple rhythm, *i.e.* *circ.* 1310".⁴ This verdict was based, *inter alia*, on a valuable discussion of English notation and musical form of that period, and a study of what he calls the contents of a Winchester codex, a table of whose contents occurs at the end of the Harley volume. The palaeographical evidence, on the other hand, he dismisses as of no value.

The supreme position occupied by the *rota* in the history of early English music should excuse this attempt to reopen the question once more, since a further re-examination of Harley 978 has produced more evidence of a conclusive character in favour of the traditional provenance and at least to throw considerable doubt on the new date assigned to it. It is hoped, too, to demonstrate that the palaeographical approach and method cannot be so lightly discarded by the musicologist when dealing with manuscript material.

The principal grounds on which the *rota* was regarded as a product of Reading Abbey is, as we have stated, the appearance in the volume of a Calendar which must certainly have been compiled for that house. The music occurs at the beginning of the book, on ff. 2-15, the famous *rota* being on the verso of f. 11. The Calendar immediately follows this music: it is incomplete, the months of January and February alone having been filled in. Its Reading provenance is beyond doubt, for not only is it similar, so far as it goes, to the Calendar in the mid-thirteenth century Reading chartulary, Cotton MS.

¹ The Palaeographical Society, iii, 125.

² "Sumer is icumen in": a revision, by Manfred F. Bukofzer (University of California Publications in Music, Vol. 2, No. 2, 1944, pp. 79-114).

³ *Ibid.*, p. 80.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 92.

Vespasian E V, which contains the entry "Dedicacio ecclesie Rading" on 19th April,⁵ but also because, like Vespasian E V, it has a number of obits of officials and benefactors of the Abbey.

But, it has been argued,⁶

"Proof that these folios (containing the calendar) formed an integral part of the music section is lacking. . . . That Calendar and music are not written by the same scribe is an undisputed fact, and consequently, the time and place of the writing of the music are still open questions".

But this statement strangely takes no account of one vital fact—not only do the first page of the Calendar and the last page of the music occur on the same leaf, but the music is actually on the recto, the Calendar on the verso of the leaf! Surely then the music must have been written before the Calendar, and been at Reading when the latter was compiled.

But these facts are well known; they are those on which Madden based his views. Our excuse for reiterating them here is that the vital point of Madden's argument—the relation between music and Calendar—has been strangely disregarded in the latest review of the problem. In his case against the accepted view, however, Professor Bukofzer has made much of a somewhat neglected list of musical compositions which occurs at the end of Harley 978,⁷ and it is in this connection that a further re-examination of the MS. has yielded new evidence. According to Bukofzer

"this list is valuable not only because it lists the texts of 164 compositions: it reveals in addition the name of W. de Winchester as the composer of tropes and thus points to a centre of long standing in English musical life: had Chappell noticed the index in Harley 978 and known about W(ulfstan or Walter?) of Winchester he probably would have jumped to the conclusion that he was most likely the author of the *rota*".⁸

He then refers to the lost MS., of which the list is a table of contents, as the Winchester codex, though he is careful to point out that there is not sufficient evidence to regard "Sumer is icumen in" as a Winchester *rota*. He does on the other hand, assert that

"it can now be proved solely by the number of concordances that the Winchester codex, at least its later section containing conductus and motets, must have come from the early fourteenth century".⁹

This list of compositions was first published, with commentary, by F. Ludwig in his *Repertorium organorum recentioris et motetorum vetustissimi stili*, Bd. I, Halle, 1910, pp. 267–278, but with a number of errors in transcription which have misled subsequent scholars. The heading reads, according to Ludwig, "Ordo. i. W. de Wincestre". This gives little sense; the last word is clearly "Wint'." in the Manuscript, while the second word is probably ".li."; thus a more correct reading is "Ordo libri W. de Wint'."—which clearly indicates that what follows is a table of contents of a book owned by one W. de Wint'. The first entry in the list is transcribed by Ludwig "Spiritus et alme. R de Virgine", whereas the correct reading is "Spiritus et alme. R. de Burg";

⁵ f. 13.

⁶ Bukofzer, *op. cit.*, p. 80.

⁷ ff. 160b, 161r.

⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 95.

⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 94.

and lastly, following the eighth entry, where the scribe breaks into double columns, there is a heading which Ludwig has read "Postea R. W. de Wincestre", whereas the name is clearly written W. de Wic. in the MS., and, as we shall show, he should not be confused with the W. de Wint. of the initial heading. Here then in this list we have the names of three persons, and it has been possible for the first time to identify them all as monks of Reading Abbey, who flourished in the second half of the thirteenth century.

For R. de Burg. there is no necessity to look further than R. de Burgate who was Abbot of Reading from 1268 to 1290. His career and position at the Abbey are sufficiently documented already¹⁰ and require no further amplification here. As regards W. de Wint., the owner of the collection of music referred to, a clue to his identity is revealed in a thirteenth century manuscript, containing treatises on astronomy, arithmetic, geometry, and theology, now in the Bodleian Library (Bodley 848; Summary Catalogue no. 2601), which, on a fly-leaf at the beginning, bears the inscription "Hic est liber sancte Marie de Rading' ex dono fratris W. de Winton". Details in his career, not always to his credit, can be gleaned from the registers of Thomas Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford, 1275-1282, and of his successor. His name is first found among a number of monks examined at a visitation of Leominster Priory, which was a cell to Reading, on 11th January, 1276.¹¹ Later he became Sub-prior and Sub-dean of Leominster and while holding that office was cited, at the end of 1281, to appear before the Bishop to answer a charge of incontinence with a nun of Linge broke and other women.¹² He was represented in court by proxy who undertook to produce him at the next session, but on his failure to appear he was fined and excommunicated. Thereupon he appealed to Rome, seeking the protection of the court of Canterbury in the meantime. The Official of Canterbury intervened to stay proceedings. No notice of appeal had in fact been given, but with due deference, the Bishop of Hereford transmitted to Rome a copy of proceedings, a day was fixed for further action in the Papal Court and notified to the Prior and Sub-prior of Leominster. At the same time he sought an amicable settlement of the dispute by appealing to the Abbot of Reading to remove W. de Winton.¹³ This effort, however, failed, the Abbot maintaining his right of decision as to which members of his house should be allowed to reside in the dependent Priory. However, Winton appears to have returned to Reading soon afterwards, and in 1284, following a visitation of Reading by the Bishop of Salisbury, he was chosen as one of five monks to superintend the carrying out of financial reforms to meet the heavy debts with which the Abbey was burdened.¹⁴ With that he disappears from the records of the time.

¹⁰ e.g. *Victoria County History: Berkshire*, ii, pp. 64, 65; J. B. Hurry, *Reading Abbey*, London, 1901, pp. 35, 36. The latter, however, gives a wrong date for his death, which is corrected in the former.

¹¹ R. G. Griffiths and W. W. Capes, *Registrum Thome de Cantilupo* (Canterbury and York Society), London, 1907, p. 116.

¹² *Ibid.*, p. 265.

¹³ *Ibid.*, p. 270.

¹⁴ W. W. Capes, *Registrum Ricardi de Swinfield* (Canterbury and York Society), 1909, p. 167.

For the identification of our third person, W. de Wic., we are again indebted to a note in a manuscript of the Bodleian Library. At the end of MS. Bodley 125 (S.C. 1988), a twelfth century copy of the *Collationes* of Odo of Cluny, there is a list, written with a metal stylus, by one W. de Wicb. (? Wicumbe), in a hand of the second half of the thirteenth century, of manuscripts written or corrected by himself while at Leominster. The list was published in the Bodleian *Quarterly Record*, iv, 1924-5, pp. 168-170, but as it throws much light on the compilation of music books at Reading and its cell in the thirteenth century, it is here reproduced with the kind permission of the library authorities:—

Notandum quod frater W. de Wicb. precibus domini I. de Abbendonia tunc precentoris hortatu eciam et precepto domini R. de Wygornia tunc supprioris collectarium cotidianum secundum usum Rading. correxuit et de duobus unum fecit.

Hoc operum suorum initium eundem immodice grauauit licet parum apparuerit.

Item Hortante domino Th. tunc decano et eodem suppriori librum uitarum scripsit et ab eodem I. precentore pergamenum accepit.

Item Dum frater W. precentor esset scripsit librum Ad opus precentoris scilicet troparium et processionale simul.

Item Sub eodem suppriori et domino R. de Sutt. precentore precantibus omnibus scripsit librum consuetudinum Secundum quem eciam omnes libros correxisset si malefica quorundam lingua permisisset.

Scripsit eciam librum perutilem qui dicitur Augustinus de spiritu et anima super bibliam quam emit Aluredus de Douere.

Scripsit eciam librum ad Missam de sancta Maria super proprium pergamenum suum.

Scripsit eciam compotum optimum cum quodam tractatu de musica.

Item Alium compotum uersificatum.

Item Quemdam librum diurnalem paruam cum Calendario compendiosissime abbreviatum.

Item Excerpta moralium aliter quam in aliis exemplaribus habentur plenius scilicet omnem trium uoluminum medullam extraxit.

Excerpsit eciam multa de expositione gregorii super ezechielem et de xl. omeliis gregorii et de dialogo gregorii et de epistolis gregorii.

Excerpsit eciam omnem medullam epistolarum Ieronimi et epistolarum Augustini.

Scripsit eciam Synonima ysidori yspanensis et quamdam summam dictandi.

Scripsit eciam psalterium In laude crucis cum quibusdam orationibus de cruce et beata uirgine.

Item hystoriam beate Margarete cuius dictamen frater Hugo de Wicb. composuit; Notam cantus ipse W. imposuit.

Scripsit eciam duas rotulas vnam continentem triplices cantus organ'. numero. Aliam continentem duplices cantus numero.

Hec sunt opera fratris W. de Wicb. per quadriennium apud Leom(inistram) commorantis.

W. de Wicumbe—if that conjectural extension of W. de Wicb. be correct—there can be little doubt, is the W. de Wic. of Harley 978. He was, we learn, a monk of Reading who spent four years of his life at Leominster copying and correcting manuscripts of all types, including music. But not only was he a copyist of musical manuscripts; as the penultimate and perhaps the last entries testify he was himself a composer. Moreover, taken in conjunction with the list of compositions in Harley 978, the note gives evidence of considerable musical activity at Reading and its cell Leominster in the latter half

of the thirteenth century. That this musical tradition was of much longer standing is clear from a late twelfth century catalogue of Reading Abbey.¹⁵ From it we learn that even at this early date the Abbey possessed no less than 15 Graduals, 30 Tropers, 13 Processionals and 7 Antiphoners, while at Leominster at the same time, or very soon after, there were 6 Graduals, 10 Processionals, 4 Antiphoners, 10 Tropers and 2 Hymnaries.¹⁶ These figures, indeed, should themselves serve as a warning of the danger of making bold generalisations on the facts of mediaeval musical development, musical styles, notation and palaeography on the materials that have survived, since they can form but a very small fraction of what has been lost.

But to return to the main argument, it seems clearly established that the lost manuscript, of which Harley gives a table of contents, is a Reading and not a Winchester codex, unless Winchester be regarded as a strictly personal name. Indeed, to avoid possible confusion, it is desirable that the latter appellation be henceforth discarded. Harley 978, then, contains a Reading calendar near the beginning of the volume; it has at the end material which was written at Reading and relates to another Reading manuscript. Surely it would be a denial of all evidence to ascribe the *rota* "Sumer is icumen in" to any other house, unless perchance it be to its cell Leominster, in which case it might just as likely have been written by a Reading monk. And it must be borne in mind that the obits of the Calendar of Harley 978 are those of Reading, not Leominster, officials.

On the question of the date of the *rota*, the new evidence is admittedly not so conclusive, but so far as it goes, it disproves the theory that it was written at the beginning of the fourteenth century. Madden's dating rested largely on the entries in the two calendars of Reading already mentioned. The latest dateable of the obits of officials in the original hands in Harley 978 is that of Abbot Simon who died in 1226; in Vespasian E V (which includes the months missing in the Harley MS.) that of Abbot Adam (ob. 1238). The earliest of the obits in the latter MS., which have been added by later hands is that of Abbot Richard (de Cycestre) who died in 1261. Thus it would appear that the Vespasian calendar was written between 1238 and 1261. The month of March in which Richard's obit occurs has not been filled in in the Harley calendar so that we cannot be certain that it too was written before his death. On the other hand the golden numbers and dominical letters are so alike in the two manuscripts that they must be contemporary.

One other point of comparison is possible. Apart from the calendar the rest of Vespasian E V in its original form, was a chartulary of the almoner of the Abbey, the leaves of which can still be distinguished by a fifteenth or sixteenth folio numeration I to XXXI; since this foliation was made, other leaves of a cognate nature, but in a later hand, have been inserted throughout the volume. The original chartulary is in a charter hand written probably before 1257; for on the verso of the last folio¹⁷ have been added memoranda

¹⁵ Egerton MS. 3031, ff. 8b-10b; printed in *English Historical Review*, iii, 1888, pp. 117-125.

¹⁶ Egerton MS. 3031, f. 12b.

¹⁷ The present f. 79b.

of payments made 1257-1259 which from their nature would probably be entered at the time of receipt; it is therefore of about the same date as the calendar. Now Bukofzer has called attention¹⁸ to a similarity of the capital S's of "Sumer is icumen in" and those of the Worcester fragments in Hattton MS. 30 which are regarded as products of the early fourteenth century. In reality this similarity is not nearly so close as the resemblance between the capital S's of the *rota* and those of the Vespasian chartulary; they are indeed so much alike that they may be by the same hand—if not they must surely be contemporary—for how quickly the style deteriorated is evidenced by similar letters in the additions to the chartulary.

Finally let it be recalled that the list of compositions in the codex of W. de Wintonia must, from the dates of the persons named, be of the late thirteenth century and not of the fourteenth century as has been suggested. This list, too, is itself of later date than the *rota* since it has been added on blank leaves at the end of the manuscript in a later hand.

It is true that it is unsafe to date a manuscript within a decade or two on palaeographical grounds alone, but between 1240 and 1310, the date which has now been assigned to it, there is a gap of seventy years and it is most improbable that the script of the *rota* could be of so late a date. It could, indeed, without violation of the evidence, be advanced to 1260, but it is most unlikely to have been written many years later, and this deduction is in line with the judgment of modern palaeographers, as well as with that of their predecessors; a comparison of the hand-writing with that of dateable chartularies of Reading, of about the middle of the thirteenth century—notably Cotton MS. Vespasian E V and Harley MS. 1708—also confirms it.

¹⁸ *Op. cit.*, p. 90.

Review of Music

Franz Reizenstein. *Three Concert Pieces* for oboe and pianoforte. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 4s. 6d.

This music, composed in 1938 when Reizenstein's retentive memory must have been haunted by many a reminder of his master Paul Hindemith, is admirable in its immaculate workmanship and solid technique. Whimsical moods, so popular with the inexhaustible miniaturist Max Reger (whose gigantic shadow flits occasionally across the scene) and later on revived in Hindemith's chamber music of the middle twenties, are prevalent in "Humoresque" as well as in the masterly "Scherzino". "Rhapsody" in turn favours the rhythmic intricacies of Hindemith's piano music and presents the oboe with a formidable task. As a contribution to the small list of effective compositions for oboe solo this little triptych is especially welcome. It presents Reizenstein as a musical thinker of penetration and technical self-assurance. His music is so eminently logical in its polyphonic web that he could easily dispense with occasional polytonal superimpositions in his harmony. His thematic invention, sometimes a trifle desiccated, has a fragile subtlety, particularly pleasing in works of a miniaturist character. It would be interesting to watch how his hitherto aphoristic style might adapt itself to the exigencies of larger instrumental forms.

H. F. R.

Mozart's C minor Piano Concerto (K. 491)

Preface and critical annotations to a new and completely revised edition, based on the original manuscript*

BY

HANS F. REDLICH

THE purpose of this new revised edition of Mozart's greatest piano Concerto is to restore its original text after more than 140 years of deliberately garbled versions. For this reason it has been necessary to base the edition entirely on the original manuscript, which reveals Mozart's unique conception of the pianoforte as *primus inter pares* in its relationship with a symphonically treated orchestra.

The functions of the soloist in Mozart's piano concertos in general differ widely from those later required by Beethoven and in the concertos of the Romantics. In order to adjust Mozart's concertos to the completely different usages of posterity, and to make them fall better into line with the romantic conception of the dialectic antagonism between soloist and orchestra, changes and adulterations in the solo part have been quite deliberately undertaken by various—mostly anonymous—editors. The result has been that these concertos are to-day universally known in editions which themselves are widely at variance with the respective originals. A few brave attempts by German musicologists to change this editorial policy have not so far received the universal acknowledgment they deserve. The time seems propitious for another attempt in that direction. Have not Einstein's and Mangeot's recent revisions of Mozart's string quartets made us more alive to the importance of properly placed and interpreted slurs, dots and ornaments? The case of the solo part in the piano concertos is much more grave: it is a case of many hundreds of notes, of whole passages and sections which have been permitted to disappear entirely without comment. It is a case of complete falsification of Mozart's originals in order to "modernize" the technical appearance of these works whose close spiritual affinity to C. P. E. Bach's concertos and, farther back, to J. S. Bach's and Vivaldi's baroque conception of a "Concerto", emerges clearly from the original manuscripts and their specified indications.

Mozart allotted to the soloist a threefold task:

- (1) To accompany the orchestra as the legitimate and traditional basso continuo—thoroughbass instrument, doubling the line of the basses, supplying implicit harmonies where necessary and acting as harmonic background to certain sections of the individually treated wood-winds.
- (2) To play brilliant solo passages as *primus inter pares* within the framework of a symphonically treated orchestra.
- (3) To add improvised cadenzas and ornamental embellishments to the written text wherever tradition, usage and taste required it.

* The separate publication of this commentary appears here with the permission of Messrs. Boosey & Hawkes, who will issue the complete edition in due course.

In most current editions the rôle of the soloist is confined to (2); (1) is completely neglected and replaced by uniform rest bars, which falsify the effect of occasional intentional rest bars in the original completely.¹ These editions go even further. Almost all transitional bars leading from the "solo" to the next following "tutti" had to be adulterated in order to achieve artificial "closes" for the soloist; as Mozart usually wrote out the transitional bars in order to effect a smooth organic change from the solo to the tutti function of the piano.² As regards (3) some editions insert cadenzas of doubtful value.³ The majority leave a gap, and some even fail to indicate where cadenzas have to be inserted. The problem of necessary embellishments and supplementary harmonies in the case of obviously sketchy bars⁴ is mostly not even broached, although every sensible musician agrees that to play such passages faithful to the letter is to kill Mozart's spirit.⁵ So far, the only musicologist and practical editor who has pointed out the necessity of a complete revision of current texts of these concertos is Friedrich Blume, whose revised Eulenburg pocket scores of six of these concertos and scholarly articles on the matter⁶ have largely guided the present editor in his task.

This edition of Köchel No. 491, is based in the first and last instance on the original manuscript.⁷ This MS. alone represents Mozart's creative intentions. Köchel No. 491,⁸ belongs—with K. 503, 595, 482, 488 and 467—to a group of works which his widow Constanze had sold in 1794, or thereabouts, to J. A. André who began publishing them as posthumous works soon after that date. K. 491—together with K. 482, 488 and 467 were published *for the first time* by André, in 1800.⁹ André's edition, which has been widely consulted by the editor of this edition,¹⁰ carries the following description on its title-page:—

No. 115/20, Oeuvre 82, No. 3 des six grands Concerts pour le Pianoforte. Edition faite d'après la partition en manuscrit Offenbach s/m, chez T. André, 1800.

¹ For instance, in Movement I, bars 35/43 are original rest bars, whereas the preceding bars 1/34 and the following bars, 44/58, represent the legitimate basso continuo function of the solo instrument.

² See Movement I, bars 118/123, and the footnote attached to them.

³ E.g. H. Bischoff (Ed. Steingraber, Berlin, 1887), who reprints faithfully Hummel's cadenzas to Köchel 491.

⁴ See Movement III, bars 219/220, and Movement II, bars 80/81.

⁵ This problem has been treated with great conviction by Carl Reinecke in his essay, *Zur Wiederbelebung der Mozartschen Klavierkonzerte*, 1891. In it Reinecke draws attention to the fact that Mozart invariably wrote out embellishments in the repeat section of his solo sonatas and only drops this practice in the concertos because the latter were mostly written for himself. For obligatory embellishments in the repeat sections of his solo sonatas consult especially the following pianoforte sonatas—if possible, in the critical edition of the Mozarteum, revision by H. and R. Scholz, Salzburg, 1928, publ. Univ. Ed. Vienna: Sonata in F, K. 332, 2nd Movement: Sonata in B flat, K. 333, 1st Movement: Sonata in C minor, K. 457, 1st Movement. In all these works the principal repeat sections and recapitulations are profusely embellished if compared with their expositions.

⁶ Cf. H. F. Redlich, in "New Light on Mozart's Piano Concertos", *THE MUSIC REVIEW*, Vol. VII, No. 2, pp. 115-18.

⁷ By courtesy of the Royal College of Music in London, where it is kept as No. 402, 2 (No. 211 of J. André's Catalogue).

⁸ Composed in March, 1786, in Vienna, filed in Mozart's own Catalogue as No. 36 and performed in the Subscription Concerts of Lent, 1786.

⁹ Consult O. E. Deutsch and C. B. Oldman in their joint publication, "Mozart Drucke", *Zeitschrift f. Musikwiss.*, XIV, No. 7, April, 1932, pp. 348 ff. and also Köchel's Catalogue, Ed. A. Einstein, Leipzig, 1937.

¹⁰ By courtesy of Paul Hirsch, Cambridge.

It is the only faithful reprint of Mozart's score, although only the solo part combined with a piano reduction of the orchestra, and the band parts; no full score is available in this edition. It is the only extant edition containing the complete thoroughbass part for the solo instrument, carrying out to the letter and spirit the "col Basso" indications of the MS., and printing the unadulterated solo part in Movement III, bars 142/45 and 155/62. The very next edition of K. 491, by Breitkopf and Härtel, Leipzig, No. 7, 1802,¹¹ contains already a great number of falsifications of the original text. Not only are the "col Basso" passages either suppressed or indiscriminately mixed with bass passages of the bassoons and violoncelli, but the garbled passages in Movement III, indicated above, appear here for the first and, unfortunately, not the last time.¹² From now on André's faithful edition seems to sink into oblivion and Breitkopf and Härtel's anonymous editors rule the field. Among later editions which have been collated with the MS. by the present editor and mentioned critically in the footnotes of this edition are:

Full score—Breitkopf & Härtel, Complete Edition, issued 1879.

Piano score—Ed. Steingraber, Leipzig, edited by H. Bischoff, 1887.

Pocket (full) score—Eulenburg Edition, No. 740.

F. Blume's practical revision of 1936—Eulenburg pocket scores Nos. 743, 721, 740, 719, 736 of Köchel 450, 466, 467, 491, 537.¹³

How far these editions conform to the demands of the MS. may be gathered from the footnotes.

In recent years public interest in Mozart's piano concertos has been revived. Not only by Hermann Abert's scholarly *Mozart* biography of 1919 which contains a useful, if tentative and incomplete, chapter on the concertos; but also by Tovey's essay on "The Classical Concerto" in Vol. III of his *Essays in Musical Analysis*; and more recently by G. de Saint-Foix, in Vol. IV of his comprehensive work *Mozart. Sa Vie musicale et son Oeuvre*; finally by a special study, entirely devoted to the 25 concertos for the piano: C. M. Girdlestone's *Mozart et ses Concertos pour Piano*.¹⁴ The very fact that neither Girdlestone nor Saint-Foix devote any space to a discussion of the problems of the piano as a thoroughbass instrument, or to the important question of the faithful reproduction of Mozart's MSS., or to refuting the garbled versions

¹¹ This has also been consulted by the present editor, by courtesy of P. Hirsch.

¹² H. Bischoff and others with him believed that Mozart's notation of these bars represented only a mere sketch and that his real intention had been to fill in the left hand stave with runs (see the extensive footnotes to the respective bars of Movement III). But the MS. belies these assumptions. Mozart uses as abridgements exclusively the sign \cdot/\cdot or "col Basso". Solo passages are never sketched, but always meticulously written out and, as for instance in the case of the different versions of bars 60 ff. of Movement III,—sometimes several clearly written versions are piled up on different staves of the score. Not a single case of a deliberately abridged solo passage can be traced in this work, therefore no editor has the right to substitute runs for octave leaps, as in the case of bars 142/45 and 155/62 of Movement III. The fact that the crotchet octave leaps close organically into quaver leaps in bar 145, left hand stave, is their best justification.

¹³ The prefaces to these six concertos contain the most valuable contribution towards solving the problem of the solo as a basso continuo instrument. Unfortunately, Blume's scores do not give the whole solo part as Mozart's MSS. clearly require: a fact much deplored by the editor himself. That has first occurred in the present edition of K. 491.

¹⁴ For details see the above-mentioned article in *THE MUSIC REVIEW*, Vol. VII, No. 2, 1946.

of these works which have flooded the market for the past 140 years, may justify the appearance of this new edition of which the ultimate aim has been to give Mozart his due.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL APPENDIX

The present edition offers for the first time, as far as could be ascertained, the piano part *complete* and in strict conformity with the unmistakable indications of the original. Pianoforte II represents a revised piano reduction of the orchestral parts in which expression marks and slurs are entirely based on the MS. and therefore often at variance with current editions. Some additional slurs and ties have been supplied by the editor, together with suggestions for tackling the problem of additional harmonies in the Basso Continuo sections, and embellishments in the case of sketchily set passages and unadorned repeat sections. For further information consult the following sources:—

Carl Reinecke: *Zur Wiederbelebung der Mozartschen Klavierkonzerte*, 1891, containing many useful suggestions for embellishing admittedly "barren" passages in Mozart's late concertos, especially in the *Coronation Concerto*, Köchel 537, but also dealing with K.491.

Hugo Daffner: *Die Entwicklung des Klavier Konzerts bis Mozart*, 1906, dealing with the Basso Continuo function of the solo piano in Mozart's concertos and linking them historically with typical specimens of the earlier eighteenth century.

E. Closson: "Sur un manuscrit de Mozart", *Acta Musicologica*, VIII, 1936.

F. Blume: "Die formengeschichtliche Stellung der Klavierkonzerte Mozarts", *Mozart Jahrbuch*, II, 1924.

F. Blume: "Zum Autograph von Mozarts Krönungskonzert", *Acta Musicologica*, IX, 1938.

H. F. Redlich: "New Light on Mozart's Pianoforte Concertos", *THE MUSIC REVIEW*, Vol. VII, No. 2, 1946.

APPENDIX OF FOOTNOTES

FIRST MOVEMENT

Page 23, footnote 1.

This is one of the worst examples of that deliberate misinterpretation which Mozart's clearly expressed conception had to suffer at the hands of later editors.

Eulenburg's pocket score (No. 740) prints the piano part of bars 330/31 thus:



H. Bischoff's reading of these bars (Ed. Steingraber) is almost identical to it:



But Mozart's MS. reads thus:





which of course indicates unmistakably that the left hand of the piano has to play in unison with the basses, resulting in the following notation:—



André (1800) and Breitkopf and Härtel (1802) reproduce this passage faithfully. Only later editions, following in the wake of the complete Breitkopf and Härtel set (1879, *ff.*), begin to tamper with it in the manner characterized above.

Page 25, footnote 1.


The MS. is very difficult to decipher in all details for the passage at bars 354/361. However, , instead of the customary version ,


is almost a certainty: not only graphically (the natural sign is blurred but definitely recognizable and very different from the # sign in Mozart's handwriting), but also for reasons of harmony. The general trend of harmonies in bars 354/59 can easily be reduced to the following modulatory scheme:



in which the leading note , based on the pedal point of the dominant



G, is repeatedly anticipated in the runs of the solo instrument, preparing for its ultimate orchestral entry at bar 357 and closing into the tonic at bar 359.

But there is a third conclusive reason for the choice of .

The preceding bar (353) contained both  and  :





Experience shows that Mozart in his MSS. invariably cancels the sharp if the next bar is to have a natural in any stave, although this is, technically speaking, unnecessary.

In the present case the  in the right hand stave refers back to the  in the left hand stave of the preceding bar.

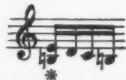
Page 26, footnote 1.

The reasons for the chosen interpretation of the doubtful accidentals in bars 360/61 are identical with those given in footnote 1, page 25.



If the accidental before  in bar 361 (right hand stave) is read as \flat , this would make  for the preceding bar more acceptable.

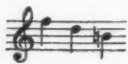
The MS. gives  and—almost illegible— in bar 360.

The last four notes of bar 361 (right hand stave) appear in the MS. thus:



The note indicated by the asterisk being obviously a fragment left over from an earlier sketch for the end of the whole passage. The natural sign attached

to this note may refer to the preceding , but it may just as well refer to , thus tallying with the passage of the woodwinds:



André, as well as Breitkopf and Härtel, reproduces this run thus:



Breitkopf and Härtel has the following variants:



Page 26, footnote 2.

Both Eulenburg and H. Bischoff print the solo part of bars 362/67 thus:



The MS. gives a quite different reading:



This clearly indicates that the rest bars (366/67: right hand stave) are authentic, but that the piano has to play in unison with the bass for bars 362/65.

SECOND MOVEMENT

Page 38, footnote 2.

Bars 20/23 were used again by Mozart three years later in one of his rare instances of self quotation. They are almost identical with the second subject in the *Adagio* movement of his piano Sonata in B flat major (K. 570), composed in February, 1789. As this is perhaps the only traceable case of a direct thematic relationship between a work for solo piano and a piano concerto, the editor believes that a juxtaposition of both versions of this same theme might give a useful insight into Mozart's workshop: the four bars of K. 570—bars 13/16 of the 2nd movement—appear in a similar thematic context, as subsidiary second subject in the relative minor, after the principal subject has been given out in E flat.



THIRD MOVEMENT

Page 57, footnote 1.

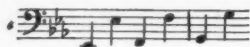
Bars 142/144, and later on bars 155/62, represent in current editions perhaps the most flagrant violation of Mozart's original intentions quite unmistakably expressed in the MS. and faithfully reproduced in this edition. H. Bischoff—*op. cit.*, page 39, footnote 19—believes that the bass passage



is only a sketch and an abridgement for elaborate scale passages which he works out thus:



But he himself admits that the piano part of André's first edition of 1800 has remained faithful to the MS. It appears that only since Breitkopf and Härtel's edition of 1802 has the version, championed by him and widely reprinted in current editions, become the generally accepted one. The condition of Mozart's MS. does not justify in the least Bischoff's theory. The thematic authenticity of the original bass figure



of bars 142 *ff.* (left hand stave) can best be proved by its logical thematic diminution in bar 145



which not even Bischoff has dared to convert into a scale passage.

Page 58, footnote 1.

The explanations given under footnote 1, page 57, are also applicable in full to bars 155/62. Bischoff gives for the left hand stave of the solo the

following garbled version which has been also accepted by sundry recent editions:—

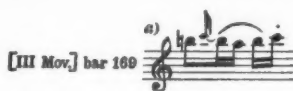


Bischoff has to admit (in 1887) that this version is *not* universally accepted as correct. By 1933—Eulenburg's pocket score for instance—it was the current version everywhere.

Page 59, footnote 4.

Some recent editions appear to make subtle distinctions in the printed reproduction of Mozart's grace notes, a practice already scornfully treated by Bischoff in his "critical edition" of 1887. Eulenburg's pocket score, especially, prints grace notes which it wants to be interpreted as short (*i.e.* as acciacaturas)

(*i.e.* ♪) as demisemiquavers:



but as semiquavers:



if they are to be treated as slow appoggiaturas.

In Mozart's handwriting no such distinction is made. In both cases the MS. has the same sign ♪ which is identical with his usual symbol for the isolated semiquaver ♪.

These signs are graphically identical with the modern sign for the short acciacatura ♪, and so they are reproduced here.

The decision whether the grace note should be short or long depends on the following gruppetto and its slurring. If the last note of that gruppetto

is short as in (a) then the grace note should be short as well, but if the last note of the gruppetto is long or slurred as in (b) or neither staccato nor slurred as in (c) the grace note should be long:



Reviews of Music

Mátyás Seiber. *Four Greek Folk Songs*. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 5s.

Seiber here displays himself as an eclectic in style. The first of these songs, lugubrious with many changes of tempo, is the most modern in treatment; the second frankly Schubertian; the third a recitative-melodrama; and the fourth of a Hungarian type, with a figure in the ritornello suggesting *Scheherazade*. Agreeable, they do not evoke the simple *cri du coeur* of the Greek peasant.

D. Shostakovich. Sonata No. 1. (A.S.M.P., Boosey & Hawkes.) 5s.

Shostakovich's op. 12, a continuous and largely chromatic piano fantasia, in one of its limbs betrays an obvious descent from the opening figure of Beethoven's op. 77. It does not, however, achieve resolution, like that work, by a concluding set of variations or their equivalent. There is nearly a whole page of unrelieved octave work for the left hand on p. 10, melodramatic stridencies of single notes repeated against a tremolo bass on p. 13, and a not ineffective *lento* section, mainly in 7/4, which, though pacific in quality, has the teasing irritancy of a mosquito in a sick-room.

D. Kabalevsky. Sonata No. 1. (A.S.M.P., Boosey & Hawkes.) 5s. 6d.

D. Kabalevsky. Sonata No. 2. (A.S.M.P., Boosey & Hawkes.) 7s. 6d.

Eighteen years separate these two piano sonatas (op. 6, op. 45), both solid musical works, well-thewed, moving proudly and easily, in three movements. The first, in F, runs to 25 pages, the second, in E flat, to 39. Though the latter is immeasurably the finer, more mature and balanced (the finale, unless taken very fast, sounds a little too long), the same quality, of mingled grace and firmness, is displayed in the former. A passage in the finale of No. 1 is marked *tenebroso* (so, too, in Shostakovich, op. 12), but clarity is conspicuous in Kabalevsky. His architecture always seems radiant, particularly in the idyllic *Andantino semplice* of op. 6, a most rewarding movement, with beautifully graded spaces between the hands. Though Chopin and Skriabin have had their say in this early Sonata, it can stand on its own feet. Its start heralds an authentic mind.

The second Sonata has something of the gallantry and assurance of Reger's *Telemann Variations*. The opening allegro, marked, like the last bars of No. 1, *festivamente*, is built on broad solid lines, with much passage work in triplets, the greater part not being in the key signature but in E flat minor, B minor and A minor; thus a good deal of colour is secured. The *Andante sostenuto*, that follows, of a minuet-like dignity, is in B minor, with a *meno mosso* quasi trio in G minor. This movement is also shot with E flat minor, in which the energetic concluding *Presto assai* also falls. The more I dwell on this sonata, the more I think of Reger, though it lacks the fugal element that Reger made so much his own. It is the sort of music that Backhaus can expound to perfection, but it is worth an intelligent amateur's while to work at it, and in any case to make its fine opening movement his or her own.

E. H. W. M.

An Approach to Berlioz

BY

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN

To this musician, who has perhaps received less lip-service than any other, who has always had violent partisans and as violent enemies, how shall we come? He has not provided steps, and nothing he wrote, except a few of his more ineffectual songs, appears easy. The road from the *Symphonie Fantastique* to *Les Troyens* and *Béatrice et Bénédict* is not direct, and development, as for instance from Beethoven's first period to his third, does not here seem determinable. In the case of a romantic, and one so intransigent as Berlioz, whose Op. 14, the symphony in question, might pass for the most individual expression of his genius, if not (from certain points of view) the most mature, it might seem that, in order to comprehend the works we must first acquaint ourselves with the conformation of their maker's mind. Here, at least, such a proceeding is perhaps less culpable than elsewhere, though we must beware of mistaking the masquerade for the man.

Berlioz was the son of a doctor and himself a doctor *manqué*. This is important in view of his musical personality, for he attacks music less as a science of form and harmony than as a means of producing certain effects on an audience by means of instruments (voices being included with the wind), as a doctor does on his patients by doses, diets and operations. Witness how he speaks of music in *À travers Chants*:

"Réunissant à la fois toutes ses forces sur l'oreille qu'elle charme, et qu'elle offense habilement, sur le système nerveux qu'elle surexcite, sur la circulation du sang qu'elle accélère, sur le cerveau qu'elle embrase, sur le cœur qu'elle gonfle et fait battre à coups redoublés, sur la pensée qu'elle agrandit démesurément et lance dans les régions de l'infini: elle agit dans la sphère qui lui est propre, c'est-à-dire sur des êtres chez lesquels le sens musical existe réellement."

Nervous system, circulation of the blood, heart-beats! Who ever heard a musician talk so of his art? This is medical language, and, moreover, it is not meant to be merely figurative. That is to say, if one listens to Berlioz for melody, counterpoint, harmonic progressions, as such, one is listening through the wrong end of that particular stethoscope. The melodies most easily recognized as melodies in his music, and enchanting they often are—the Dance of the Sylphs is one (its shape is imposed on it by the ballet form)—are only accidentally the objects of his aim, and he can even produce a melody, almost identical with another composer's, that, by his handling of it, almost ceases to be a melody at all but seems a sort of heart-cry in recitative. It is difficult to believe that anything remotely resembling the opening theme of the *King Lear* overture ever entered a brain other than that of Berlioz, yet a theme undeniably similar in the same key starts the finale of a sonata by C. P. E. Bach, composed in 1774 and published in 1781 as Sonata I of the

third collection for connoisseurs and amateurs. The B minor section of the serenade in *L'Enfance du Christ* has the cut of Hummel (e.g. finale of the B minor piano Concerto) but the effect is no more like Hummel than the theme of Mendelssohn's *Song without Words* in B flat (No. 26) is like the second subject of Chopin's B flat minor Scherzo. This is not just because Berlioz has his own way of writing a tune, but because he is directly working on your nerves with his notes and the instruments to which he gives them. Certainly he was influenced by Gluck's reform of opera, and Beethoven's rhythmical effects, especially in repetitions of single notes (the E that leads into the first movement of the Seventh Symphony) got deep under his skin; but when he does these things they do not appear primarily as part of the musical fabric but as the rawest impact of an intensely nervous personality on a kindred one. A case in point is the nine times repeated high G, gradually swelling into harmony that opens the *Symphonie Fantastique*, an effect deliberately echoed on the note C at the close when the witches are gathering for their Sabbath. One can say, with some approach to accuracy, what composer started the idea, but in Berlioz' hands the idea ceases to be thematic; it becomes hypnotic. It is the doctor, perhaps even the witch-doctor, working on us, and that is the secret of movements like his *Lacrimosa* and *Judex crederis*, and passages like the second subject of the *Francs Juges* overture. In fact, though it may be impossible to prove this, he is not affecting us as a musician, but rather as a poet of a dramatic cast. He himself tells us that music augments the intensity of its action with all the power of what is called poetry. When he is most himself he is not musical at all, he is using music like words; the mind can recall the feeling, though the ear may not re-echo the notes: "I understand a fury in your words, but not the words", as Desdemona says to Othello. Take Faust walking about Marguerite's room or the central section with the nightingale (to which Wagner objected) in the *Scène d'Amour* in *Roméo*. A piece that the real Berliozian truly relishes is Faust's Invocation of Nature, but it is very hard to reproduce its melodic contours in the mind, though its effect is not easily forgotten. Even where his melody is readily seized, he may do something that is somehow out of the picture, as in the change from A major to B flat in the Villanelle (*Les Nuits d'Été*), where he does not modulate so much as galvanize the listener to a new focus of attention. Were it possible to say that heard sound can appeal to the eye without reference to a printed score, that could be said of him.

It may be that thus one is only returning to the familiar cliché that Berlioz was a composer of programme music. No harm in that if it be admitted that he composed it like nobody before or since. The *Scène aux Champs* (that reduces the Prelude to the third act of *Tristan* to something very near plagiarism) is deeply indebted to the *Scene am Bach* of the Pastoral Symphony, Berlioz' avowed favourite of the Nine, but the sultry thunder of his rainless landscape has a unique independence. I very much doubt if that thunder is *in essence* musical at all, it is a miracle of visibility—for it brings the entire scene to the eye in a flash—achieved through sound. There is no painting or engraving of a witches' sabbath or Temptation of St. Anthony with quite

the visual impact of the *Fantastique's* finale, a movement which, with its analogue in the *Damnation de Faust*, as recently as the writings of Sir Henry Hadow, it was apparently considered good musical sense to denounce as something that "was not done" in tones. Perhaps the horrors of the two last wars, if not allowing for intervals of tension of *one* thirty-three years' war, have taught us to think differently; the macabre has become a facet of normal experience. Nor can I think of any picture, even by Turner, of craft scudding before a breeze such as the *Corsair* overture conveys to me, whatever it may be intended to convey. Compare these *visions* with those afforded by the concert overtures, *Scotch* and *Italian* symphonies of Mendelssohn, and one is aware of a complete difference of technique. In Mendelssohn's ordered mind the idea of Beauty was predominant, to Berlioz' romantic vision immediate Sensation transmitted aurally was the one thing essential. Thus—and whether this is a defect or not I am hardly prepared to say—there is no *rest* in the music of Berlioz, even when, as in the central section of his religious trilogy, he is dealing simply and solely with rest. Our musical senses, the eyes of our hearing, are somehow strained all the time. Mr. Geoffrey Sharp, referring to Eduard van Beinum's conducting of the overture to *Benvenuto Cellini*, has spoken of the composer's "volatile imagination with its alternating frenzy and calm", and even when there is no *noise* of frenzy there is a quality, unmistakable for instance in the *Adieu des Bergers*, or the famous cadence in *La Captive*, that transfixes the listener like the Ancient Mariner's glittering eye. That is the surgeon's probe, the medical heritage. His musico-medical diploma piece, the *Grand Traité d'Instrumentation*, etc., is numbered Op. 10.

It is only superficially surprising that, dowered with this strange exploratory talent where the human nerves are concerned—and we shall go very far wrong if, in his case, we associate it necessarily with *massed* sound—Berlioz did not succeed with an opera. This test, for some reason or another, every French composer has to pass with honours in order to be accepted by his time. The truth is that this Hector probed too deep. That story is only too eloquently told by the relentless analysis of those eyes, sometimes sheathed like a hawk's, that appears in all his portraits. Nothing, though he has not expressed himself on the point, can have been more galling to him in the whole tortured process of his life than to live to see the theatrical success of Gounod's *Faust*, with his own *Damnation de Faust* catacombed among dramatic cantatas. In 1846 (6th September) he had publicly alluded to his work in the *Journal des Débats* as "espèce d'opéra que j'élucubre en ce moment". It was a time when his enemies were triumphant at the Opéra, and it was closed to him, and in that statement lies the *raison d'être* for keeping Berlioz' *Faust* in the operatic repertoire. We do not have to listen to numbers like Tarquin's "Ride" in *The Rape of Lucrecia* to recognize the influence and operatic superiority of the "Ride to the Abyss", the finest spectral *melodrame* since Weber's "Wolf's Glen". Nor does the quality of the students' and soldiers' choruses or passages like Faust walking up and down Marguerite's chamber, already mentioned, reveal itself in the concert-room with anything like the

instancy of even a mediocre operatic rendering. This is not saying that had the work originally been given as an opera the composer would have won Parisian operatic laurels. Probably not, but of all his works its variety would probably have given it the best chance on the stage, though it can never hope to vie with Gounod's more catch-penny work which, for all its musical inferiority, contains at least one human moment (a simple girl's head turned by a casket of jewels) which strokes the imagination in a *familiar* way, whereas Berlioz' almost sublime echoes of the departing soldiers after the betrayed heroine's lament merely scarify it. The best of *Benvenuto Cellini* is embalmed in its overture and the entr'acte which became *Le Carnaval Romain*. *La Prise de Troie* and *Les Troyens à Carthage*, though containing years of laborious patience and consideration of effects, are probably too deep-rooted in the statuesque magnificence of Gluck and Spontini to go home to any but a highly educated audience. There is something about the tale of Troy that unfits it for operatic consumption, in spite of "When I am laid in earth", which we associate rather with Purcell than with Dido. The nautical accessories of the Carthage episode tell true, and an episode like the *Chasse royale et Orage* is used by Berlioz with a Poussinesque dignity and splendour. An epic is best left with epicists, but the influence of the French classical drama was probably too strong for a born Gaul, like Berlioz, to resist. He harked back to Virgil, while he dreamt of a heroine like Phèdre or Andromaque. But with Offenbach playing around with *Orphée aux Enfers* (1858) the pomp and majesty of Rome and Carthage were doomed in that world of Gavarni and Cham. Yet these works should be heard if only in order that the dreary and successful Teutonic sagas of Wagner may be correctly esteemed; and standards of taste change so unpredictably that who shall dare say that *Les Troyens à Carthage* may not become "box-office" as *Les Huguenots* once was and *Götterdämmerung* still is. Perhaps by that time the *Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale* may form part of the apparatus of royal burials or weddings.

It is otherwise with *Béatrice et Bénédict*, and here I believe, or rather *prophesy*, that we are in the presence of an operatic work by Berlioz that, late, very late, in coming into its own, will yet hold its own triumphantly and survive the mutability of musical fashions. Painters will tell you that it sometimes happens after the execution of a big large-scale work the hand will throw off a freehand sketch or something on a small scale, which is the truer masterpiece of the two yet could not have been achieved but for the other and the spiritual release consequent on getting that other done. I do not know whether this is the case *historically* with *Les Troyens à Carthage* and *Béatrice et Bénédict*. Berlioz was such an unblushing liar when it came to talking about his life and works that his words are of no account. Nor do I know if it has been ascertained how far back work on the comedy opera, produced at Baden Baden on 9th August, 1862, was started; Boschot indicates the autumn of 1860. But it is pretty clear that Berlioz staged, as a last operatic throw, though he survived till 1869, an attack on two operatic fronts, tragedy and comedy. Of the first, the tragedy, only the second part was performed in his lifetime (4th November, 1863) in Paris, without success,

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La Prise de Troie not being produced till 6th December, 1890, at Carlsruhe; while of the comedy, which appeared before the other, there was no complete French performance till after his death. If English people can stand the shock of an opera based on *Much Ado about Nothing*, from which the humours of Dogberry and Verges are excluded to make room for quite passable gibes on academic musicians and the singing tribe, Berlioz' comedy should live long on our shores, though it needs fine vocalists to do it justice. It has the great pull of being completely free from situations that do not display his genius to advantage, of which the Frère Laurent episode and the conclusion generally of *Roméo et Juliette* is one and, in this listener's case, most of *Harold in Italy* another. The two acts comprise only fifteen numbers besides the overture and the entr'acte, and no-one can complain that the work is not of the maturest quality. The trio "Je vais d'un cœur aimant" is as perfect as the septet in *Les Troyens*; Hero's and Beatrice's airs in the first and second act respectively embody the nobility of Gluck with Berlioz' own peculiar poignancy; while the Duo-Nocturne, that does duty for a first finale, and is occasionally heard in the concert room, is perhaps the loveliest musical picture of a girl confiding her love to another girl against the background of a garden and a fountain in art. Its only analogue is to be found in Watteau. The "Epithalame Grotesque", like the "Amen" (a surprisingly good fugue) in *La Damnation de Faust*, is a musical *jeu d'esprit*, maintaining beauty throughout its incongruity, and its repetition, with *fiorituri*, somehow escapes the tedium of laboured fooling. Over the whole of this two-act opera broods the high passion of romantic gaiety that pervades the *Carnaval Romain* overture, but here it is tempered by experience and sorrow to something far beyond frivolity, though tears are not in the picture. It is a work only a Frenchman could have written, and a great Frenchman at that; for it is of *Le Misanthrope* order of creation, and proves that if Berlioz failed in his approach, through Virgil, to Racine, he succeeded, through Shakespeare, in his approach to Molière. Paradoxical as it may seem, I think our fairest approach to his genius, even for those who are all but strangers to it, is from this end of his creative activity. The wild red-haired youth who, three years after the death of Beethoven, flung the *Symphonie Fantastique* (which includes *Lélio*) into the romantic mêlée becomes clearer as we view him through his most sober, though not his most solemn, assault on our nervous organization. When we come to think of this opera as we are beginning to think, thanks to the Cambridge Theatre performances, of Verdi's *Falstaff*, we shall at last see Berlioz' achievement in the right perspective.

Review of Music

Humphrey Searle. *Ballade* for Piano. (Joseph Williams.) 3s.

Mr. Searle's op. 10 is, to my ear, of a rhapsodical improvisatory quality. Effective pianistically, it has, in its post-Reger way, the same sort of emotional quality as the recitative fugue in Mendelssohn's op. 6; but I find no point of rest, not even in the section marked *meno mosso, lento*. It needs very clear staccato playing.

E. H. W. M.

The Hirsch Catalogue

BY

P. H. MUIR

WHEN historical commentators come to the final summing up of Nazi mentality they will surely not ignore the crass stupidity which sponsored its numerous blunders. Totalitarianism attracts and also fosters the worst elements in a community; and thus it is that the artistic and cultural record of the Nazi régime is an almost unrelieved record of ghastly failure. The fact that the fourth and final volume of the catalogue of Mr. Hirsch's music library comes to be issued by the Cambridge University Press and that the fabulous library itself now reposes in the British Museum forms part of this record.

The Hirsch household and the Hirsch library in Frankfurt were one of the internationally famous focal points of Europe before the war and the library was among the greatest of Germany's national treasures. Anyone who moved freely in cultural circles could have told the Nazis this, but as, on the one hand, culture itself was a major suspect in Nazi Germany, and, on the other hand, it was so largely coterminous, indeed almost synonymous, with Jewry, the hierarchy saw no reason to prohibit the transmigration of what were, after all, personal possessions, especially as the harsh requirements of the finance laws for emigrants had been rigidly observed by the owner. They were even hoodwinked into permitting the export of a magnificent oil painting of Bach as a family portrait. At the last moment, it is true, someone gave the authorities an inkling of what they were losing, and a sudden complete, albeit totally illegal, embargo was placed on the departure of the final consignment. By the greatest good fortune the detained cases comprised only modern theoretical works of minor importance, and the great bulk of the treasures listed in these four volumes was already beyond the fumbling and blunted grasp of the Reichsmarshal.

When the library first arrived in this country it was offered hospitality by the Library of the University of Cambridge where, with Mr. Hirsch himself as its honorary custodian, it soon resumed its former status as a centre for students of music from all parts of the world.

Eventually the library was purchased in its entirety by the British Museum. The importance and desirability of this acquisition should not be minimized. In its own sphere it will easily bear comparison with such treasures as the Grenville and Wise collections: but not entirely due to local patriotism is the regret that it was not to remain in Cambridge. Granting the improved accessibility afforded by its central location; granting also the desirability of adding to the great London institution many rarities not hitherto represented there; granting the inadequate use now made of the music collections already in Cambridge; there are sound arguments in favour of a degree of decentralization. First among these may be put the consideration that in a provincial

centre it is much easier for such libraries to retain their individuality. Thus, in Cambridge itself such collections as those bequeathed to colleges by Pepys, Rowe, Mann, and the late Lord Keynes; in Leeds the Brotherton Collection; and in Manchester the Rylands Library have retained an identity of their own to a far greater degree than it is possible to give to similar collections in the British Museum. The Keynes bequest, in fact, has recently inspired the authorities of King's to appoint a librarian with the ability to do it justice. Lest it be argued that these libraries are housed in institutions of a fundamentally different nature from the statutory libraries, and that the magnitude and value of the Hirsch collection made its ultimate destination almost inevitably one of the national libraries, the point is still relevant when one considers, for example, the housing of the vast Douce bequest in the Bodleian. All this, however, is very much by the way. The main consideration is that Mr. Hirsch's invaluable collection is now one of Britain's national treasures; and we may turn to the consideration of some of its contents.

The occasion for this resumé, of course, is the publication of the fourth and final volume of the catalogue of the library,* the previous volumes of which were published in Berlin (Band I, 1928; Band II, 1930) and in Frankfurt (Band III, 1936). The first volume lists theoretical works down to 1800; the second, opera scores; the third, instrumental and vocal works down to about 1830; and the fourth, first and early editions of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, choral works in score, collected editions, including the *Gesamtausgaben*, bibliographical works, music periodicals and publishers' catalogues, additions to earlier volumes, and the index to the whole work.

Mr. Hirsch has always described this collection as a "working library", and in the sense that its contents enable the student to refer to original source material in almost any period and kind of serious western music the description is just. But the library has connotations which far transcend the rather commonplace and, from the bibliophile's standpoint, derogatory implications of the term. A "working library" is usually presumed to consist of "reading copies" and implies a certain impatience with the minutiae of bibliography combined with contempt for niceties of condition. In this sense the term is totally inadequate in application to this library, the policy of its compiler being that nothing but the best is good enough. This standpoint, now coming to be commonly accepted among book-collectors, is much rarer among collectors of music who, even when convinced of the merits and importance of the original editions of the works of the great masters, are frequently inadequately initiated into the mysteries of priority, if not impatient of them when demonstrated; and who have not the same criteria on original condition and contemporary binding as their book-collecting colleagues. MUSIC REVIEW has itself printed several articles from Mr. Hirsch's pen which are evidence of his apostolic zeal in this direction. The catalogue concerns itself only incidentally with these matters and, although the informed student will find in it all that is needed to direct him to issue points, the pious hope may be

* *Katalog der Musikbibliothek Paul Hirsch*, Band IV. Herausgegeben von Kathi Meyer und Paul Hirsch. Pp. xxiii + 695. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1947. 84s.

expressed that, with all this rich material permanently available, we may be within sight of those authoritative pronouncements on the bibliography of some of the major composers which have remained so long an aspiration short of full performance. There is even less profit in this, of course, than in literary bibliography, but we now have in this country not only the material but also the scholars with the ability to make full and proper use of it—perhaps all that is lacking is a sufficiency of consumers.

Music-collecting, like book-collecting, has many aspects. It has its purely typographical side in which the emphasis is not so much on the importance of the music, as upon how it comes to be there at all. Here the student and collector is concerned with how the early printer solved the peculiar problem of associating musical notes with ordinary movable types on a printed page. The catalogue is content to record the possession of the earliest surviving attempt at music printing—by Konrad Fyner at Esslingen in 1473—without underlining its significance beyond a page of facsimile showing the five black squares without staves by which the revolution was begun. The book in which they appear is a mystical work—Gerson's *Collectorium super Magnificat*—and the notes represent the "mystic canticle" of St. Paul.

The collection also includes Niger's *Grammatica Brevis*, Venice, 1480, with the first printed secular music—also the Paris edition of 1500 which contains one of the earliest examples of music printing in France and Burtius' *Opusculum Musices*, Bologna, 1487—the first complete blockbook of music.

Most of these appear in Volume I, among the theoretical works, a feast of beauty, rarity and curiosity from which I select to mention, almost at random, the lovely *Athenaeus* of Aldus, 1514; Feuiller's *Chorégraphie*, Paris, 1701, with its fascinating engraved diagrams of "positions"; two curious works by Robert Flud, the mystic, and Kepler's *Harmonices Mundi*; Matthew Locke's harpsichord tutor; Thomas Morley's "Introduction", both the 1597 and the 1608 editions, not to mention a re-issue by Randall, Walsh's successor, as late as 1771; and Christopher Simpson's works in various editions. These are entries almost into the by-ways of the volume, the main track of which is concerned with the history of music theory and music teaching from Gaforius to Fux and beyond.

The second volume contains the operatic scores and it is not easy, at first sight, to find any pattern in it. The beginnings of opera are represented by the first of which the music has survived, Peri's *Euridice*, 1600, in first edition—the libretto of his earlier opera, *Dafne*, is in its proper place in the catalogue in Volume IV, though rather oddly under Corsi's name. Apart from these the early Italian opera is represented only in facsimile or later editions. Thus there is a facsimile of the first edition of Monteverdi's *Orfeo*; Cavalli is represented only by an 1883 edition of *Il Giasone*, as is Caccini's *Euridice*, although the libretto of the latter's first opera is in Volume IV, Mazzochi's *La Catena d'Adone*, 1626, another great rarity, is here; and so is Staden's *Seelewig*, the earliest German opera extant, as it was first published in the fourth volume of Harsdörffer's *Frauenzimmer Gesprächspiele*, 1644.

But it is not until we reach Lully—first opera a pastiche made up from

his ballet music in 1672 and called *Les Fêtes de l'Amour et de Bacchus*—that we find the operatic works of any composer completely represented in first editions. The reason is plainly the extreme rarity of the works of the earlier composers, which explains also the later gaps where they occur. There is a good sprinkling of Handel, with additions in the fourth volume; but once again we must reach forward to Gluck to find the next widely represented composer.

Gluck's operas are not all represented in first editions here, but most of them are, including all the most important, and from this point onwards the history of the opera as an art form is most adequately covered right down to Hindemith. Not all the elusive rarities are among the early composers. Several of the early Dresden scores of Wagner are missing—although *Tannhäuser* is present; but it is a great triumph to have been able to include so much of Richard Strauss, many of whose scores have never been purchasable, but only for hire.

The extent of the opera collection is not confined to this second volume of the catalogue for, apart from late acquisitions, several early editions of Beethoven and Mozart are in the special sections devoted to those composers; and entries in the libretto section and under collected works are also relevant. All of these are in the fourth volume. Such distribution is inevitable when a catalogue is divided under subject headings; but the ample indexes make cross-reference possible.

Volume III contains mainly the instrumental and vocal music other than operas: but its two indexes, one to items printed before 1500: and the other to the incunabula of lithography, are welcome new features of this volume. Perhaps the greatest glory is the remarkable collection of J. S. Bach first editions. The instrumental section includes the four parts of the *Clavier-übung*, 1731-42; a number of early editions of the "Forty-eight", including the first, published by Simrock in 1800; the *Kunst der Fuge*, Leipzig, 1752, and the Variations on *Vom Himmel Hoch*, 1746. In the section of vocal music is another fabulous rarity, the *Rathswechsel* Cantata, 1708, of which Kinsky records only three copies as extant. The sometimes curious division of the catalogue has separated choral works in score from other vocal music. These are found in the fourth volume, and among them are the original editions of the great Bach Passions. One important piece relating to Bach is Kirnberger's *Die Wahren Grundsätze zum Gebrauch der Harmonie*, 1773, in which the B minor fugue (No. 24) and the A minor prelude (No. 20) were included—the first part of any of the "Forty-eight" to appear in print. This is in Volume I, as No. 271, but with no cross-reference under Bach.

Several references have already been made to the fourth volume, which has recently been published. This is, in many ways, the most exciting and satisfying of the four, especially that section of it devoted to the first and early editions of Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert.

These three collections are the result of nearly fifty years sustained and concentrated effort. During that time few collectors have devoted their attention at all intensively to the subject, and such minimal competition might

be expected to have resulted in something like completeness in a single collection of this kind. It affords some measure of rarity that several gaps remain, some of them not unimportant.

One difficulty has been the lack of reliable information. All three of these composers have been made the subject of considerable bibliographical research. Mozart, for example, has had the devoted attention of Alfred Einstein, whose findings subsequent to those in his 1937 edition of Köchel were first printed in this journal. Some indication of the difficulties will be evident from a list of the Köchel numbers at the beginning of the catalogue. They begin with K.6-7 and are then complete to K.15. Thereafter they run K.54, K.155, K.168, etc.

Most of those gaps are less painful than would superficially appear, for they are very juvenile works of the master and have been gathered and published only by the later piety of devotees. Thus a series of them are in Glonner's *Salzburger Mozart-Album*, 1871, one or two are in Nissen's biography, and more than forty are in Schünemann's *Mozart Als Achtjähriger Komponist*, 1909. But a series between K.24 and K.31 were published by Hummel at the Hague in about 1766 and these are among the greatest rarities of music collecting. Einstein gives transliterations of the title-pages of one or two, but most of them appear to be lost.

Beethoven and Schubert are less troublesome. Indeed, excluding opp. 41 and 42, which are arrangements of opp. 25 and 8 respectively not by Beethoven himself, Op. 43 is the first gap. It appears in second edition. Opp. 44, 50 and 119, are the only other gaps in the works with opus numbers; and there are a few gaps in the works without opus numbers.

Schubert's early works, as is well known, were published for him on commission by Cappi and Diabelli in limited editions, each numbered and signed, or initialed, by the composer. The Hirsch collection includes all of these; except that in Op. 11 only the third of the three songs is present. There are also several of the later variants of these early works as well as such rarities as the "Taschenbuch" for 1818 in which Op. 8, No. 3 appeared—the first Schubert song to be published.

Much of his best work was not published during his lifetime, his posthumous songs alone comprise fifty parts and were twenty years in publishing, while the great C major Symphony and the *Unfinished* were first published only in 1850 and 1867 respectively. The "discovery" of the former symphony by Schumann is well known. The latter was sent by Schubert to his friend Anselm Hüttenbrenner in 1823, in its unfinished state, for presentation to the Steyr Musical Society in return for a diploma awarded to him. Hüttenbrenner retained the manuscript for over forty years. In 1860 his brother Josef acquainted Johann Herbeck, later Imperial Kapellmeister, with the existence of the manuscript, and five years later, at a concert of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, it was first performed. The original edition of the score is now exceedingly rare; but both it and the C major are in Hirsch.

Finally, we must not leave this fourth volume without mentioning some of the recent acquisitions listed in it, for many of them are in the first rank

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de of twelue / the thyrd of eyght / the fourth of .ix. as this fygure sheweth.



¶ Whan these accordes were founde by Pythagoras pat hem names. And so þ he called in nō bre double / he called in lownes Dyapason. And þ he called in nōbre other halfe he called in lowne Dyapente. And þ þ in nōbre is called all & þ thyr

de dele / hette in tones Dyatesleron / & that þ in nombres is called all & the eygherth dele / hette in twones double Dyapason. As in melodye of one strege / yf the stringe be streyned enlonge wpos the holownesse of a tree / & departed euen a two by a byrdge sette that vnder in eyther parte of þ streng / the lowne shall be Dyapason / yf the streng be streyned & touched. And yf the streng be departed euen in thre & the byrdge sette vnder / so that it de parte bytwene the twey deles & þ thyrde / than the lenger dele of the streng yf it be touched shall yeue a lowne called Dyatesleron. And yf it be departed in nyne / and the byrdge sette vnder bytwene the last parte and the other dele / than the lenger dele of the streng yf it be touched shall yeue a lowne / that hette Tonus / for nyne cōtyneth eyght / and the eyght parte of eyght as in this fygure that foloweth

¶ Anno A
romin⁹

contra Ruf. Many of Pythagoras dytypples kepte her maystres heeles in mynde and bled her wytte and mynde in studye of bookes / and taught that many suche prouerbes shall hyste and departe sorowe from the bodye / vnconnyng from the wytte / lescherre from the wombe / treason oute of the Lyte / styte out of the house. Incontynence and hastynesse oute of all thynges. Also all that frendes haue shall be comyn. A frende is the other of tweyne. He must take hede of tymes. After god lothnesse shall be worshypped that maketh me next god. ¶ Pseudo libio octauo capitulo sexto.

¶ Capti

.xii.

¶ The name of phylosophres hadde begynnynge of Pythagoras. for olde Grekes called hym selfe sophistis that is wyle. But Pythagoras whan he axed what man he was / he answered and sayde that he was a phylosopher / that is a louer of wytte and of wysedome for to calle hym selfe a wyle man / it wolde seme grete boost & pryde. Afterwar other phylosophres hadden her names of her auctours. And so they that helde Pythagoras loore / were called Pythagoraci. And they that helde Platos loore / were called Platonici. ¶ Pot. libio piii. Some phylosophres hadden names of contraries / & so they þ helde Pythagoras loore were called

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O. di Lasso. *Patrocinium Musices.* München, 1573

of importance and their late acquisition serves to indicate their rarity. One of the greatest additions to the first volume is the 1495 edition of Higden's *Polycronicon*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, which is not only the first attempt at music printing in England; but also the first time that staves and notes were printed together at one impression from movable type. The illustration shows how modest it was. The only known copy of Lieto *Dialogo Quarto di Musica*, Naples, 1559, also appears in this section.

To the opera scores are added original editions of works by Berg, Pergolesi, Rameau, Johann Strauss and Stravinsky. The early English editions of Haydn's separate and collected works will repay investigation. He was much in England and it is known, for example, that the two sets of Canzonettas, the first of which includes "My mother bids me bind my hair", were first published there. It is, therefore, gratifying to find that Mr. Hirsch has not neglected these and that among the considerable additions under Haydn are numerous early English editions of his instrumental works.

Perhaps the most spectacular of the additions, however, is the great *Patrocinium Musices* of Orlando di Lasso, in five volumes, 1573-76. This magnificently produced work was printed by Adam Berg in Munich at the expense of the composer's patron, William V, Duke of Bavaria. Its typographical beauty is equal to its musical importance. The first volume contains twenty-one motets, the second five masses, the third his settings of the Vidi Aquam and Asperges with the offices for various seasons of the Christian year, the fourth a St. Matthew Passion, and two sets of lessons, and the fifth, five Magnificats. Its condition is evidence of Mr. Hirsch's bibliophilism, there can be no finer copy of this masterpiece in existence, for, not only is it uncut, but the blind-stamped original pigskin in which the five volumes are bound is almost incredibly well preserved.

These scattered notes, inadequate though they are, may give the reader some notion of the great richness of the collection and may help to inform his rejoicing that it now forms part of our national treasures.

Review of Music

Mátyás Seiber. *Yugoslav Folksongs* for mixed voices (unaccompanied). (Boosey & Hawkes.) 2s.

Mátyás Seiber's special ability in adapting slavonic folk tunes for choral use is well known and amply borne out by this new choral song cycle, in which the stock in trade figures of the "Unfaithful Lover" and the "Heart-breaking Hussars" transport us rather more into the Hungarian plain than into the rugged mountains of musical Yugoslavia. The very pleasing melodies seem to my uninitiated mind full of magyar flavour with their frequent use of the gypsy scale and czardas rhythms. The settings are exquisite, No. 3 ("Heaven above") with its hummed accompaniment and its improvisatory tenor solo reflecting (for me) the Hungarian Puszta and its typical mood to perfection. The "Fiercely burning Sun", so deftly harmonized in Seiber's sonorous setting, seems to burn down on the banks of Lake Balaton rather than on the ravines of the Montenegrin mountainside. Seiber's excellent workmanship compensates fully for the at times ridiculous antics of the two translators.

H. F. R.

New York at Mid-Season

BY

EVERETT HELM

SINCE my last report on music in New York (THE MUSIC REVIEW, May, 1947) there has been no decline in the feverish concert activity therein described. On the contrary, the pace has become even more hectic! New names have come up (and in most cases gone down) in the 1947-48 season in a steady stream, among them a fair percentage of Latin-American artists. With few exceptions programmes continue to be less than exciting, and the standard repertoire is heard again and again, purveyed by mediocre artists and by the great stars. On one fine Sunday in February, the New York *Herald-Tribune* listed no less than 27 concerts and recitals in Metropolitan New York for that day. Alfred Frankenstein, critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who was staying in my house, suggested we pick the most interesting and go. As things turned out, we spent the day at home playing phonograph records, for not one of the programmes was interesting enough to get us out.

The responsibility for such a situation rests to a considerable extent with the big concert managements, who continue to tell their artists, great and small, that the public knows what it wants and will tolerate no departures from standard repertoire. For the ambitious young artist there is no arguing on this score; the managements put it on a "take it or leave it" basis. It is regrettable, however, that the "big names" do not make some kind of stand in favour of a wider repertoire, including more contemporary and more unusual music. If they were interested in doing so, they could insist (of course, this would also involve *learning* new music). It is even more regrettable that young artists who have not yet come under the protective custody of big managements do not show more initiative, for they have nobody to say them nay. Instead of following the lead of the stars and starlets and performing the same Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin and Debussy *ad infinitum*, they might do well to look about them and remark that some of their contemporaries have made their reputations precisely on non-standard works. There is, indeed, an encouraging handful of young performers—conductor Leonard Bernstein; mezzo-soprano Nell Tangeman; violinist Maurice Wilk; pianist John Kirkpatrick—who have achieved excellent reputations in large part by performing unusual works. One is persuaded that the public *will* turn out for non-standard works by the enormous success of Robert Shaw's chorus *The Collegiate Chorale*, and of Thomas Scherman's new *Little Orchestra Society*. The latter organization, founded only this year, was sold out before the season began on the basis of its announced programmes, which include unusual music of all periods and a new contemporary American work on each programme.

The improved lot of American composers is underlined this year by the twenty-fifth anniversary of the League of Composers. When this organization was founded in 1923, American music was a cause to be defended or an anomaly to be derided. It must be remembered that the United States has no long-standing musical tradition such as the European countries, and that American music is practically all contemporary. Through the idealism of such "believers" as Claire Reis, who has been the League's pillar of strength throughout its existence, the League of Composers was instrumental in gaining recognition for such men as Copland, Harris, Piston and Sessions. To-day, only the tone-deaf or the utterly obtuse would deny the existence of a flourishing American school of composers. Besides the original crop of men who are now thoroughly established, a second crop of younger men has come along and a third, consisting of youngsters, is on its way. The National Composer Members of the League (all active composers who have achieved some recognition) number over ninety. Twenty prominent conductors are this season playing compositions of League members in honour of the twenty-fifth anniversary. And around

ten new works have been commissioned this year through the League by publishers and performers, as a special tribute. The League of Composers is no longer alone in the field; a number of organizations are active in promoting American music, and the current trend of the League appears to be towards the development of international relations among composers. To this end a special committee on musical interchange has been created, headed by Samuel Barber; another committee under Jacques de Menasce is working on a project with the American Library in Paris; a new bulletin, *The Composer's News-Record*, of which your correspondent has been the editor, is designed to give news of composers' activities, first performances and new publications on a world-wide basis.

Unfortunately for American composers, none of the radio networks maintains a programme comparable to the Third Programme of the B.B.C., and broadcasts of American compositions are still a comparative rarity. Special mention should be made, however, of the annual Festival of American Music sponsored by New York City's municipal station WNYC. Each year, ten days of this station's programmes are devoted principally to the airing of contemporary works, many of them by young composers. If this example were to be followed by local stations throughout the country, a great service would be rendered to American music.

As it is, the colleges and universities are doing an important job in this respect. More and more schools in all parts of the country are holding annual festivals of contemporary music, thereby giving the composers an opportunity to be heard and the public a chance to hear new music. Pioneers in this field were the Eastman School of Music of the University of Rochester (N.Y.), whose composer-director Howard Hanson has for many years conducted the Eastman School festivals, and Columbia University in New York City. The annual festivals of the latter, sponsored by the Ditson Fund and directed by Douglas Moore, are broadcast by one of the major networks. Similar festivals are now held in such widely-separated regions as Texas, Louisiana, Minnesota, California, North Carolina and Oregon.

This year has seen a quickening of hopes in favour of an indigenous American musical theatre. There is some indication that the chasm which has separated Broadway from serious music is becoming less formidable. The smash hit *Oklahoma!* did much to bridge this gap, being in a sense a step towards folk-opera, and the recent success of Kurt Weill's *Street Scene*, Menotti's *The Medium* and Blitzstein's *The Cradle Will Rock* are straws in the wind. The success of Britten's *Peter Grimes* at the Metropolitan has helped the cause of opera in English—a hotly-debated subject in these parts. There is talk now of mounting *The Rape of Lucrece* in a Broadway theatre; and the same rumour is attached to Virgil Thomson's opera *The Mother of Us All*, based on a text by Gertrude Stein. I recently had the pleasure of hearing an audition of an as yet unproduced folk-opera, *A Mirror for the Sky*, based on the life of the nineteenth-century artist and naturalist James Audabon. The score is by Gail Kubik, a composer of serious music who has also had a wide experience in the fields of films and radio. When this work is produced, it should be as important a milestone as *Oklahoma!* was for its time. Kubik, possessing a complete technique and knowledge of serious music as well as a keen sense of theatre, has retained the spirit and approach which make an evening in a Broadway theatre exciting, but at the same time has raised the whole to a higher artistic level. He has written music of quality and impact.

Your correspondent will not be reporting from New York for a time, as he leaves at once for Germany to assume duties as Music and Theatre Officer under the American Military Government in the United States zone of occupation.

Opera

SADLER'S WELLS: *Così fan Tutte*, 28th January

Why do the cuts in opera productions escape criticism, whereas interpretational mishaps, which vary from performance to performance, don't? Why, for instance, have Fiordiligi's B flat aria (-)* in, and her supremely important E major aria (+)†out? Because the latter is too difficult? But then Miss Lowe—*pace* her musical and vocal qualities—can't manage the former's triplets, either. Why again have Despina's comparatively unimportant G major aria (-) in (though shortened), but deprive Ferrando and Dorabella of their arias in Act II (-)? To give Miss Bower a bit more to do? But then—*pace* her good performance—a singer is not as important as all that. One is grateful, on the other hand, for the inclusion of No. 20 (*Prenderò quel brunettino*) (-), and for the full version of No. 23 (*Il core vi dono*), shortened in the previous Wells production; nor does the omission of No. 7 (*Al fido dan legge*) (-) matter. Brannigan makes an excellent Alfonso, and Miss Pollak splendidly builds up her aria (not her arias, as we read in *The Times*). This number (No. 11, *Smania implacabili*), which "would do credit to any fury robbed of her serpents",¹ was mutilated by a hair-raising cut in the recent Vienna State Opera production. In the A major duet No. 29 (*cf. Ex. 1a*) one misses

Adagio
FIORDILIGI
Ex. 1a In quest' a - bi - to ver - ro.

Con moto
O che gio - ja il suo bel

FERRANDO
co - re Pro - ve - rà nel rav - vi - sar - mi. Ed in - tan - to me - schi -

FIORDILIGI
- nel - lo io mi mor - rò. Co - sa veg - gio!

C MAJOR

Pears, all the more because Lewis (a good singer) imitates him. The unexpected, indeed overwhelming, dominant minor entry (see Ex. 1a), in particular, does not receive sufficient intensity.‡ I remember only two other vocal ensembles of Mozart's

* (-): Omitted in the previous Wells production.

† (+): Included in the previous Wells production.

‡ Though of course extremely compressed, the present note can from here onwards be regarded as the third in my series of supplementary notes and articles to (1). The first two were published in *this journal* and *Music and Letters*, last and current volume respectively.

¹ Einstein, A., *Mozart: His Character, His Work*, London, 1946.

wherein the second entry introduces the dominant minor, namely, the first duet in *Don Giovanni* (Ex. 1b) and the *Requiem's* *Tuba mirum*. In all three instances, the

Allegro
Ex.1b ANNA
o - ra ch   mor-to, o Di - ol! chia me la vi - ta



OTTAVIO
di ! Sen - ti, cor mio, deh sen - ti,



guar - da-mi un so - lo i - stan - te,



F MAJOR

entry in question is the tenor's. In Exs. 1a-b one further observes the parallel modulations to C and F respectively; there are other (e.g. motivic) relations between these two numbers which are not apparent from the quoted excerpts. The similarities in the psychological content of the two dramatic situations are striking; one here remembers Dent's sensitive observation that if Anna "had been Italian, and not Spanish, she might have been Fiordiligi".² Dent does not, however, note the present, as distinct from other, less important parallels between *Cos * and *Don Giovanni*. Neither does Einstein, who is averse to the search for Wagnerian *Leitmotive* in Mozart,³ but who will, I feel sure, admit the great significance of such inter-operatic *Leitmodulationen*.^{*} The beginning of Ex. 1b is, incidentally, an intra- and inter-operatic *Leitmotiv*. See the beginning of scene xix in *Don Giovanni* (D minor!), and the beginning of the Queen of the Night's D minor (!) aria. Exs. 2a (*Cos *, first duet)—2b (*Don Giovanni*, first

Ex.2a
Allegro
DORABELLA
A mor - re mi fac - cia vi - ven - do pe - nar,



Ex.2b
Adagio
ELVIRA
il mio tra - di - to, tra-di - to a - mor,



* Further *Leitmodulationen* will be discussed in the fourth note of the present series.

² Dent, E. J., *Mozart's Operas*, London, 1947.

³ Einstein, A., Preface to Eulenburg miniature full score of *Don Giovanni* (1930?).

finale, end of scene xix), and 3a (Despina's first aria)—3b (*Don Giovanni*, first finale, end of penultimate episode) are among those motifs which you would expect Mozart to use frequently, but which he actually seems to use only on these occasions. Both Ex. 3a and Ex. 3b are immediately repeated, the latter twice. The utilization of this cadential

Ex. 3a*Allegretto***Ex. 3b***Andante maestoso*

motif at the beginning of Despina's aria (Ex. 3a), while playful, is at the same time perhaps more beautiful than its serious, but more ordinary application at the end of the *Andante maestoso* in the *Don Giovanni* finale (Ex. 3b).

We know how well Dent describes the sham aspect of *Così*, but it seems to me that he does not define what is perhaps the most intriguing aspect of *Così*'s simulations. Occasionally, I mean, Mozart only pretends to be pretending.

H. K.

COVENT GARDEN: *The Magic Flute*, 3rd February

While this production retains most of its intrinsic faults—fireworks before the temples of reason and wisdom, Sarastro's tumbrel, bogus lions and, in short, the pantomime approach—there have been some very considerable improvements with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's Pamina as the chief. The purity and perfection of her vocal line in "Ach, ich fühls" were of a very rare order and made the evening memorable. Otherwise, Elisabeth Abercrombie as the First Lady and Arnold Matters as Papageno were also changes for the better, while David Franklin brought to the part of Sarastro most of the necessary qualities except sufficient vocal power in his lowest register. Hans Hotter was dignified, impressive and fully resonant in the small part of the speaker of the temple. Norville still plays Monostatos as a slapstick comedian, with the result that he is neither funny nor sinister but merely tedious; this may not be his own fault. But the principal blot is Audrey Bowman's murder of the two arias for the Queen of the Night: both were dreadful a year ago and they are unfortunately no better now. Dr. Rankl still interprets the score somewhat empirically, with some curious excursions outside Mozartian tradition in the matter of tempo.

G. N. S.

SADLER'S WELLS: *Il Trovatore*, 18th February

In THE MUSIC REVIEW for August last year I protested against this opera being given in English, even as rendered by Professor Dent; and, since then, in his address of 14th February Mr. Geoffrey Sharp has protested far more forcibly against the anglicizing of any opera whatever. The appalling sonority of "I will not rest till she be mine" is in my ears while I write this. If anything can turn Verdi's eighteenth opera into Gilbert and Sullivan it is Sadler's Wells. The idea of *Il Trovatore* is revenge, and of a sad, bad, mad southern cast; and a tum-tum treatment of the orchestra is unbearable. We got this too notably in the chorus of gipsies with a smith and an anvil. I expected the chorus to break into "With catlike tread upon our foes we steal" at any moment. But to get down to the soloists: Valetta Iacopi has not the presence and terrible vitality of Edith Coates, who partly redeemed the Covent Garden performance of last June, but she sees Azucena, a really great part, from the right angle, and the scenes between her and Manrico came off. Indeed, if James Johnston will only be surer of his high A in the duet that closes Act II, scene 1, this number should bring down the house more effectively even than the *Miserere*. He is a good Manrico, and his duet with Leonora when they are about to be married (the folding-doors leading to the oratory in this scene suggest a modern hotel; they should really be scrapped and a curtain substituted) was given with the

utmost tenderness. Joyce Gartside has a very gentle sweet voice with some beautiful notes, but it is not the voice for a barnstorming opera of this calibre; it fails in resonance, and Sheila Lucas, in the small part of Inez, seemed much righter. Redvers Llewellyn's Count di Luna was of the proper melodramatic texture, especially at the close. Hervey Alan, as Ferrando, was hampered by the English text, but did his best to make us feel that this was not *Ruddigore* after all. John Moody's scenery, with the exception noted, is adequate. One cannot, I know, ask an English conductor for frenzy, he would be afraid of losing his job; but frenzy, here at least, is Michael Mudie's desideratum.

E. H. W. M.

COVENT GARDEN: *Tristan and Isolde*, 27th February

The most striking features of this performance were the improvement shown in the general level of the orchestral playing and Constance Shacklock's singing of Brangäne, which was of a different and far more authoritative order than anything else we have heard from her. August Seider (Tristan) was almost inaudible in the first and second acts, but made some atonement with Hans Hotter (Kurwenal) in act three before the arrival of the famous ship about which Wagner makes so much fuss for so long. Kirsten Flagstad, whom we had not previously heard, was by no means the impressive Isolde we had expected: her low notes failed to penetrate the orchestral texture while her upper register seemed tight, hard and restricted and, in fact, a considerable physical effort. Norman Walker gave us an accurate, if colourless, King Mark and Hubert Norville interpreted Melot as a bleached and more dignified cousin of his own Monostatos.

The producer, Friedrich Schramm, made one positive contribution to the effect of the whole by eliminating all unnecessary movement on the stage, but he also contrived the most curious scheme of lighting we have yet experienced. The principle behind his various machinations seemed to be to conceal as many "spots" as possible in all the recesses and doorways and then to give a thoroughly realistic imitation of a searchlight exercise, regardless of any impedance thereby imposed upon the effect of the music-drama as a whole. We should perhaps add that in the first act we saw the sailors walking on the water, a phenomenon for which no extra charge was made although we understand it has not previously been witnessed for nearly 2,000 years, and in act three the sea exhibited a number of symmetrical folds suggestive of supernatural interference.

The conductor was Karl Rankl.

COVENT GARDEN: *The Valkyrie*, 3rd March

This production was carried by Hans Hotter, whose Wotan combined all the necessary virtues except mastery of the English language. Kirsten Flagstad succeeded admirably in her first performance in English of the part of Brünnhilde, bringing authority and abundant vocal power to all that she was called upon to do. Edith Coates (Fricka) and Doris Doree (Sieglinde) were both adequate without being able to challenge the might of Wagner's orchestral writing in full spate, but Arthur Carron's Siegmund was shockingly deficient in power and often shaky in intonation, while David Franklin's portrayal of Hunding as something one expects to find on turning up a stone, was not in itself sufficient compensation for the dreary monotony with which he held forth.

Gratitude for the opportunity of seeing *Valkyrie* after so many years must not prevent us from stating categorically that this was a thoroughly bad production. The orchestra, after its temporary improvement in *Tristan*, reverted to its usual coarse standards with a liberal sprinkling of actual errors, and the stage lighting descended to a level of bizarre ineptitude leading to an accident (fortunately slight) to Wotan during the magic fire music when he missed his footing in the gloom of the would-be fire and fell heavily. The famous Ride of the Valkyries always presents a problem which in this instance Karl Rankl and Friedrich Schramm dismally failed to solve: Rankl must take the blame for the poor orchestral playing and Schramm for the drearily ineffective spear-encumbered foot-slogging of the Valkyries themselves: all eight looked as though they felt extremely stupid and self-conscious and no doubt they did.

It is a joint tribute to Wagner's consummate mastery and to the musicianship and histrionic skill of Flagstad and Hotter that, with all its gross shortcomings, this performance held the audience and made a positive impression, not indeed the impression it should make, but quite decisive none the less. Apart from the technical faults ever present in the lighting—such as amateurishly bad following of the leading characters with spot-lights; a procedure in itself inopportunistly borrowed from the variety stage—we are at a loss to understand why, when the first act had been set in a straightforward *verismo* approximation to Hunding's hut, the second and third acts were sung among a *mêlée* of blocks, ramps, steps and similar futuristic extravagances à la Komisarjevsky. We have no fundamental objection to the latter style of montage, provided that it is carried out consistently and that sufficient light is engineered to enable the actors to move with confidence and safety. But so radical a confusion of styles within one work betrays that lack of artistic integrity which we regard as the abomination of desolation. G. N. S.

First Performance of "Lady Rohesia" at Sadler's Wells

17TH MARCH

OF Mr. Antony Hopkins' recent first film score (to *Vice Versa*) I wrote: "The music is as slick as is to be expected from the composer of thirty-four incidental scores for radio, but it is not always as funny as intended."¹ Much the same criticism applies to his present, first opera. It is a none too musical joke which betrays rather than reinforces the composer's undoubted talent. Miss Rose Hill plays her part better than it is. The first night's audience showed, by its paroxysmal enthusiasm, a degree of idiocy unsuspected in Rosebery Avenue.

The allusions and parodies of this "operatic frolic" stimulate reflection on the psychology of musical quotation, imitation and caricature. There are, of course, quotations which, as Dent² says of the then popular tunes in *Don Giovanni's* concluding finale, do not seem to have any particular significance. Nor is, say, the *Tristan* quotation in the *Meistersinger* of much psychological (as distinct from musical and dramatic) interest, for it is not determined by conflicting tendencies. But in the *Bohème* quotation in *Il Tabarro* (a very good production of which precedes *Lady Rohesia*), Puccini seems ambivalent towards himself, while in Siegfried Ochs' (1858–1929) variations, in the style of various composers, on the folk-song "*Kommt ein Vögel geflogen*", an ambivalent attitude towards the imitated masters may be detected. Mozart's *Musikalischer Spass* is a more difficult and intriguing case. Dent warns facile critics ironically that "we may be tempted to suppose that the death of Leopold Mozart on 28th May was the direct inspiration of the *Musical Joke* dated 14th June".³ I am not tempted to suppose this; I am quite convinced of it. While the *Spass* is "directed against the infatuated ignorance of the composer aspiring to write something resembling . . . a symphony";⁴ it is also "a kind of self-mortification";⁵ determined, I submit, by Mozart's enhanced need for punishment consequent upon his father's death.⁶ This interpretation is supported by the fact that the *Spass* is probably "an affectionate recollection on Mozart's part of his father's descriptive musical diversions of the same kind".⁷ Britten shows ambivalence towards himself by humorously quoting the tragic Lucretia motif in *Herring**; the probable ambivalence of his parodistic *Tristan* quotation in the same opera is equally noteworthy; if we go

* I allowed myself the music-critical joke, childish, perhaps, of not mentioning this quotation in my opera book on *Lucretia* and *Herring*, in order to see whether any of the arrogant despisers of these operas knew *Lucretia* at least well enough to discover this conspicuous parody of *Lucretia's* most conspicuous motif. While, however, the *Tristan* quotation in *Herring* was frequently mentioned, the *Lucretia* quotation went entirely unnoticed.

¹ *Monthly Film Bulletin*, British Film Institute, March, 1948.

² Dent, E. J., *Mozart's Operas*, London, 1947.

³ Saint-Foix, G. de, *The Symphonies of Mozart*, London, 1947.

⁴ Einstein, A., *Mozart: His Character, His Work*, London, 1946.

⁵ Brill, A. A., *Freud's Contribution to Psychiatry*, chapter: "Mourning, Melancholia and Compulsions", London, 1945.

⁶ Blom, E., *Mozart*, London, 1946.

by the evidence of his own music, he is at once an intense opponent and, perhaps less consciously, a receptive admirer of Wagner. Hopkins' ambivalence towards Britten, as manifest in *Lady Rohesia*, must be obvious to everyone. *Lady Rohesia* makes fun of Britten to whom, at the same time, the work is reported to be dedicated, and whom it also imitates, parody apart.

We have here touched upon a borderland of the psychology of musical composition proper; Mozart's ambivalently determined use of a Boccherini sequence,⁷ for instance, includes quotations without quotation marks.

H. K.

CAMBRIDGE THEATRE: *Falstaff*, 22nd March

With this expert production of Verdi's masterpiece the New London Opera Company have attained a new level of musical excellence, one not approached in any of their previous performances that we have seen. This was an object lesson in the matter of putting first things first. We never tire of pointing out that for opera to take its proper prescribed place among the arts a very high standard of singing and playing is the first essential. In this *Falstaff* Alberto Erede achieved from singers and orchestra a consistent standard of sustained musicianship which, since the war, has been paralleled in London only by the Vienna Company's performances of *Così fan Tutte* and *Salome*.

Mariano Stabile's characterization of Sir John was a model of exuberant and lecherous roguery, with an underlying good humour unimpaired by his righteous indignation on the subject of honour or by his undignified experience of a dirty if convenient washing basket. He obviously enjoyed every minute of the performance, so did the rest of the company (a great point, this) and so did we. Also outstanding among an excellent cast were Emma Tegani (Mistress Ford), Mary Stewart (Mistress Quickly), in her first major rôle, and Marco Stefanoni (Pistol). Stanley Pope's Ford was the only disappointment: he sang the music well enough but seemed not fully to have understood the nature and quality of the character he was playing. The rest of the cast were: Bardolph, Tony Sympton; Dr. Caius, William Aitken; Mistress Page, Bruna Maclean; Nanetta, Daria Bayan; and Fenton, Agostino Lazzari.

Carl Ebert's production achieved the distinction we have come to expect from him, the stage lighting in particular emphasizing by contrast the fatuity of current Covent Garden attempts in this direction. Hein Heckroth's scenery was not a success; perhaps if it had been more substantially constructed it might have seemed adequate. Finally, a point of realism: if we are to believe Nanetta to be Mistress Ford's daughter, Emma Tegani should make herself up to appear a little older.

COVENT GARDEN: *La Traviata*, 9th April

In some ways this was the best effort yet made by the present Covent Garden company. It committed the fewest errors of taste or judgment (except the paper money in Act III, which was surely an anachronism), and the lighting, without essaying any strikingly original effects, was at least apt, efficient and unobtrusive. Apart, however, from Silveri (old Germont) and Nowakowski (the Baron), it had little indeed to do with Verdi's *Traviata*. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf (Violetta—I refuse to muddle the reader by reverting to Dumas' names as Professor Dent has done in his translation) seemed nervous in the first act, being conscious, perhaps, that the flashy coloratura style of the Violetta we hope to see in *this act* was not hers to command. Later in her performance there was much to admire; in particular, her practical demonstration of how a fine artist can overcome the severe handicap of gross miscasting. Tousled hair and wan colouring in the final scene were welcome concessions to realism, two among the many which, taken together, formed an intelligent character-study, one fully appropriate in its more serious moments, but not in our opinion Verdi's Violetta. Kenneth Neate was also miscast as Alfredo. He has a powerful voice and, for a tenor, an unusually fine physical appearance, but his histrionic ability remains negligible and his efforts at "acting" are agonizing to watch. One day

⁷ Keller, H., *Mozart and Boccherini*, this journal, November, 1947.

he may find inspiration, but it is difficult to suggest any possible source. Aileen Corway (Annina) showed that she has a pleasant voice and a sense of style, including the all-important matter of knowing when to stand still and being able to do it.

The settings for the first and last acts were undistinguished, with a horrible wedding-cake excrescence over Violetta's bed in the finale; but that for Act II was simple and effective, while Act III achieved real distinction—here Tyrone Guthrie, the producer, had integrated the music-drama in terms of actual performance (which, strange as it may seem, is the producer's job) and old Germont's entry was rightly made the focal point of the scene. In eighteen months Covent Garden has done nothing else as intelligent as this.

Reginald Goodall conducted. His beat is a little more precise than we remember from some years ago, but the playing carried no air of conviction and was entirely lacking in gusto. In addition, there were many actual errors, some of which could have been forgiven if committed in sheer excess of enthusiasm but not otherwise. We cannot stress too strongly that this kind of "scratch band" is not good enough for our National Opera House.

G. N. S.

Reviews of Music

Béla Bartók. "Seven pieces from *Mikrokosmos*", for 2 pianos, 4 hands (arranged by the composer). (Boosey & Hawkes.) 10s.

This ought to go a long way in popularizing some of the most striking numbers of Bartók's *Mikrokosmos*, whose complex sonorities are inclined to become blurred if produced on a single keyboard. It goes without saying that some of the pieces, subjected to this clarifying treatment by the composer, present themselves here in a shape at once accessible and convincing. Especially No. 1 (taken from *Mikrokosmos* IV, 113) has its rhythmic contours improved through the subtle insertion of a subsidiary motif in Piano II. The trills in No. 2, newly superimposed on the original "Chord Study" (III, 69) throw the blocklike parallel fifths into brilliant relief. In No. 6, "Chromatic Invention", the original sequel of VI, 145 (*a/b*) has now been synchronized into a tonal web of almost Bach-like ingenuity and resourcefulness. It would have been courteous if the (unnamed) editor had supplied the reference numbers to the originals (as quoted in this article) of the earlier edition of *Mikrokosmos*. The comparison of both versions yields a rich harvest for the thoughtful student of Bartók's masterly technique.

Suite for Flute and Strings after Domenico Scarlatti, arranged by Arthur Benjamin. (Flute and Piano.) (Boosey & Hawkes.) 4s.

Since the far off days when Stravinsky rediscovered Pergolesi's trio sonatas and used an admixture of their immortal melodies for his *Pulcinella* Ballet (1924), it has increasingly become a habit with modern composers to refresh themselves (and their copyright) from the inexhaustible fountain of unknown or half-forgotten eighteenth-century music. This new *Suite* for flute and strings is not even original in the choice of its hallowed victim. It was anticipated twenty years ago by Alfredo Casella's highly diverting *Scarlattiana*. Mr. Benjamin has also inherited from his forerunners their reticence with regard to exact original sources. Neither Stravinsky nor Casella thought it necessary to divulge the whereabouts of the eighteenth-century models which they subjected (especially in the former case) to such arbitrary treatment. The arrangement contains a very effective and only moderately difficult part for the flute, backed by a piano part whose orchestral features certainly do not reflect the peculiarities of D. Scarlatti's harpsichord style. The five numbers of the *Suite* are well matched in key relationship and strung together in not unpleasing fashion.

H. F. R.

Concerts

MORLEY COLLEGE CONCERTS SOCIETY

Central Hall, 30th January

First performance in England of Frank Martin's *Le Vin Herbé*

At least one eminent composer in the audience showed every symptom of extreme boredom; yet he stayed to the end. He stayed because this was excellent music; he was weary, we suggest, because it was not quite the right kind of music. The theme of *Liebestod*, on which the Tristan legend centres, touches the mind's farthest depths, namely, Eros and Thanatos,^{1,2} the life and death instincts. Mozart and Freud, arriving at the recognition of these fundamental drives by vastly different routes, yet expressed some of their knowledge in the same words. Mozart: "... death, when we come to consider it closely, is the true goal of our existence. . . ."³ Freud: "... if we may assume that all that lives dies from inner causes, we can only say: *The goal of all life is death*".⁴ Realizing its profundity, Mozart, as well as Wagner and Britten, treated the subject of *Liebestod* with what in Martin's own oratorio is called the "deepest passion". Martin's music, however, is not often as passionate as his story. Not that we should advocate the outpouring of unrestrained passion over Joseph Bédier's text, but there is a limit to the points that can be driven home musically with French quietism. It seems to us, moreover, that there must be passion in the very restraint of passion—the naked sword that lies between Tristan and Isolde (Part II, scene II) is, after all, a phallic symbol.⁵ But Martin's restraint is often rather tepid, for the very reason that what is being restrained isn't very hot either. He underlines his desexualized approach by a stressedly ascetic scoring (seven strings [not six, as we read in *The Times*] piano, twelve singers, the latter augmented on this occasion) which does not convey an altogether cogent impression from a purely musical point of view. More successful are his attempts to be reticent by being recitativic.

Shawe-Taylor has already enumerated the three greatest moments: The first kiss, Tristan's and Isolde's deaths. At the kiss, Mr. Norbert Brainin's violin solo was marked by the most delicate phrasing, but he invested his otherwise beautiful tone with a sensuality that was his rather than the music's. As for the successive deaths, the fact that their respective keys had not (if memory serves) previously been established, seemed to contribute to their beauty. Both the F major of Tristan's threefold "Isolde Beloved!" (Part III, scene V) and particularly the moving C major chorus at Isolde's death (Part III, scene VI) appeared to be unprecedented, yet did not catch us unprepared; *a posteriori* we felt we had all along been waiting for them. The performance under Walter Goehr, with Victoria Sladen and Richard Lewis singing the lovers, was good.

There is no doubt that this oratorio will still be heard in a hundred years' time, unless the Third Programme has by then ceased to exist. H. K.

THE LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Erich Kleiber: 8th, 12th and 19th February

ERICH KLEIBER, immediately preceding Wilhelm Furtwängler as guest conductor of the LPO, brought about a more notable improvement of the orchestra's standards than any of his illustrious predecessors. Combining the utmost clarity of beat with the minimum of physical display, he evoked from all departments that precision and buoyancy which has so long been conspicuous by its absence from all our orchestras.

¹ Freud, S., *Das Ich und das Es*, Gesammelte Werke, XIII, London, 1940.

² Flugel, J. C., *Man, Morals and Society*, London, 1945.

³ Letter to his father, 4th April, 1787.

⁴ *Jenseits des Lustprinzips*, Gesammelte Werke, XIII, London, 1940. Italics his.

⁵ Flugel, J. C., *The Psychology of Clothes*, London, 1940.

The first programme, at Covent Garden, consisted of Dvořák's *Carneval* overture, Schubert's fifth Symphony in B flat and Berlioz' *Symphonie Fantastique* [the Borodin Symphony, reported in *The Times*, was a figment of its critic's imagination]. The second was devoted to Beethoven, and included the *Egmont* overture and the sixth and seventh symphonies, while the third, which was the most rewarding, comprised the overture and finale to *Die Entführung*, the Haydn sinfonia concertante for violin, cello, oboe and bassoon, the *Unfinished* Symphony and pieces by Johann and Josef Strauss. The last two concerts took place at the Albert Hall.

The first real indication we had that here was a man of taste with a true understanding of the fundamentals of orchestral music was Kleiber's dismissal of all but about thirty players after the Dvořák overture and before playing Schubert's little Symphony in B flat. We have become so accustomed to hearing vast armies of strings sawing their weary and utterly unsubtle way through the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart that a performance of lightweight music by lightweight forces promised to be a revelation; and it was. (It is indeed strange that in this country, where no orchestra is large enough to do justice to the more elaborate works of the late romantic period, a mania has developed for employing roughly the same forces for all music, regardless of the numbers actually required; a peculiar and artistically indefensible example of the English "genius" for compromise.) Kleiber's reading of the *Symphonie Fantastique* was remarkable for clarity of detail and for the conductor's ingenious approximation to Berlioz' gong, while at the close the audience seemed to realize that they had heard one of the best-integrated performances given in London for many years.

The other outstanding items were Beethoven's seventh Symphony, the *Unfinished*, and the three examples of Johann Strauss. In the Beethoven the rhythm was accurately maintained, in contrast to the usual English practice, and the finale was presented with that highly disciplined vigour which is so necessary to retain the attention of any audience. The *Unfinished* Symphony showed that its preparation had been carried out with a degree of purely musical perception rare in any age and doubly so in ours; the orchestra never made a nasty sound, a criticism which no musician would mistake for faint praise. The Strauss pieces were the greatest revelation of all: never before have we heard an English orchestra come within imaginable distance of the proper style for these works—the ever-fluctuating *rubato* has always proved their undoing, even when the more elementary requirements have been fulfilled—but Kleiber, even in the Albert Hall, put the idiom into the right perspective and persuaded us that the London Philharmonic can play Johann Strauss as well as the Vienna; but we take leave to doubt whether they could do so under any other conductor. We look forward with keen anticipation to Erich Kleiber's next visit.

FURTWÄNGLER

It is ten years since Furtwängler was last in England, so that his recent series of six concerts with the London Philharmonic Orchestra was bound to arouse extraordinary interest. The programmes follow:—

29TH FEBRUARY

Fantasia on a theme of Tallis	. . .	Vaughan Williams
Symphony No. 4 in D minor	. . .	Schumann
Symphony No. 7 in A	. . .	Beethoven

* * *

4TH MARCH

Overture, <i>Fingal's Cave</i>	. . .	Mendelssohn
<i>Tod und Verklärung</i>	. . .	Strauss
<i>Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen</i>	. . .	Mahler
EUGENIA ZARESKA		
Symphony No. 1 in C minor	. . .	Brahms

* * *

11TH MARCH (LPO Pensions Fund Concert)

Symphony No. 101 in D (The Clock)	Haydn
<i>En Saga</i>	Sibelius
Symphony No. 2 in D	Brahms

14TH MARCH

Overture, <i>Oberon</i>	Weber
Symphony No. 3 in F	Brahms
<i>Daphnis et Chloé</i> (2nd Suite)	Ravel
Overture, <i>Tannhäuser</i>	Wagner

18TH MARCH

Overture, <i>Alceste</i>	Gluck
Symphony No. 4 in E minor	Brahms
<i>Till Eulenspiegel</i>	Strauss
<i>Prelude and Liebestod</i> (Tristan)	Wagner

25TH MARCH

Symphony No. 9 in D minor	Beethoven
JOAN HAMMOND: MARY JARRED: PARRY JONES	
WILLIAM PARSONS	
London Philharmonic Choir	

The concerts on 29th February and 14th March were given at Covent Garden, the remainder at the Royal Albert Hall.

The past decade has radically altered the perspective in which we now see and hear Dr. Furtwängler at work. In the first place Vaughan Williams, Mendelssohn, Mahler, Sibelius and Ravel indicate a greater catholicity of taste than he would have permitted himself (or been allowed) between 1933 and 1945; and to counterbalance that widening of sympathy, we regret to say he has lost some of the old fire and that fanatical power of concentration which made the pre-war Furtwängler unique among symphonic conductors.

Of course, ten years ago, in permanent charge of the Berlin Philharmonic, Furtwängler had established (and constantly maintained) an understanding with his players of an order never even hinted at in this series with the London Philharmonic. The age of miracles is passed and we did not expect any true basis for comparison; but no conductor, let alone a "world figure", should be asked to give six concerts with three separate orchestral leaders (Andrew Cooper, 29th February and 4th March; David Wise, 11th, 14th and 18th March; Henry Datyner, 25th March).

Furtwängler needs time to familiarize an orchestra with his distinctly individual methods—distinctly is the operative word, but some members of the orchestra, junior wood-wind in particular, appeared more than ordinarily obtuse in interpreting his beat: perhaps on account of their concentration on their own peculiar private jokes during performances which in themselves were not in the least funny. Such behaviour is unforgivable, apart from the emphasis it throws on the old adage that continental musicians practise the art because they love it, the British as a means of making a living.

Once again, as so often before the war, the Press as a whole has concentrated on Furtwängler's personal idiosyncrasies, his puffing and stamping, his multiple beat and the "peculiar" up-stroke with which he so often characterizes the strong beat. All this is unchanged from ten years ago, and bears but a superficial relation to the music he makes. What of that?

We should not be right to expect that the LPO, playing under Furtwängler for the first time in ten years in the Albert Hall in 1948 (or in Covent Garden either), would

produce similar results to the Berlin Philharmonic under their permanent conductor in Queen's Hall ten years before. They didn't, though one or two performances reached a level not often attained: the Tallis Fantasia, the Schumann Symphony, the Brahms second and fourth Symphonies, *Daphnis et Chloé*, *Tannhäuser*, the *Prelude and Liebestod* and the orchestra and choir in the *Choral* Symphony. Most of the rest was adequate without scaling any heights, but mention must be made of a most wayward interpretation of Brahms' third Symphony, and a thoroughly bad performance of *Tod und Verklärung*, reminiscent of the worst efforts made at the Proms since the death of Sir Henry Wood. At his last concert Furtwängler, true to his pre-war practice, played the *Choral* Symphony alone, without any distractions in the form of prelude or postlude. This has the advantage of enabling a proportionately greater amount of rehearsal time to be devoted to one piece of music; and in this case the orchestral playing showed a greater precision and certainty than anywhere else, the choir too performed nobly and only the soloists were painfully inadequate. Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Hans Hotter were already in the country and probably Elisabeth Höngen and Anton Dermota or Karl Friedrich could have been obtained for the occasion at fairly short notice. Such cheese-paring smacks of bureaucracy at the helm and we should be glad to know why better soloists were not engaged, regardless of their country of origin. William Parsons was the best of an unsatisfactory quartet, while twenty yards from the stage (in block G) Parry Jones was completely inaudible except during those brief periods in which the tenor emerges, solo.

The chief characteristic of Furtwängler's work remains unchanged: his power of seeing a piece of music whole as a microcosm of human experience—though his executive abilities were not always equal to inducing the LPO to give full effect to his ideas. However, he is still Europe's principal vindication of the doctrine of the superior individual alone encompassing the full requirements of any artist of truly international stature. From the third concert onwards he brought about a considerable refinement in the general tone of the violins and trombones in particular, compared with the roughnesses with which we had become familiar; and a general improvement in the liaison between orchestra and conductor was notable and progressive as the series ran its course. Considering technicalities alone, there is no doubt that Furtwängler was less successful with the LPO than his immediate predecessor, Kleiber, or Victor de Sabata; but his performances had the same aura of aristocratic fitness which we have come to associate with Bruno Walter at his best. Furtwängler and Walter are indeed the last examples among orchestral conductors of the great nineteenth-century tradition which is so rapidly dying upon us, to leave nothing comparable in its place.

The Albert Hall must be purgatory to any visiting conductor bent on making a serious effort to distribute real music across its hostile and ultra-reverberant chasm. Furtwängler left many problems of balance unsolved, but in his defence it must be said that they were mostly problems to which no-one else has yet found a solution. Much more serious was the one obvious case,⁶ in *Till Eulenspiegel*, where his memory temporarily failed him—similar misfortune has befallen Beecham more than once since the war—for this very human kind of fallibility soon plays the devil with a conductor's authority over both orchestra and audience. Another disquieting and completely new feature of Furtwängler's interpretations was his tendency to take orchestral climaxes very late: this was evident in the Albert Hall, particularly at the end of the Brahms second Symphony and in the first movement of the *Choral*, but not at Covent Garden; so it may be attributable to the vices of the Kensington monster more than to Furtwängler's increasing years.

Considering this series of concerts as a whole, we formed the opinion that whereas most of the older and more experienced members of the orchestra who remembered Furtwängler from pre-war days had lost none of their regard for him as a musician and were anxious to co-operate to the best of their ability, some of the younger irresponsible players did not think it worthwhile, at least in the earliest concerts, to make a comparable effort. At 62 Furtwängler may not now be the perceptive, incisive and generally inspiring conductor he was at 52, particularly in view of his experiences meanwhile,

which have been at least as unwholesome as any of ours; but there is no escaping the fact that many of these London performances should have been a great deal better than they were, and the blame for such things as late wind entries and coarse brass tone must be attributed to the orchestra, not to the conductor.

Apart from this lack of respect evident in certain sections of the orchestra, there has also been some prejudice in this country against Dr. Furtwängler as a national of a former enemy country—a kind of inversion of the Nazi *untragbar* fatuity. The confusion of music with politics is a fit pastime only for those with little minds; we have no wish to join the stone-throwing contest, but would merely urge those who are incorrigibly addicted to it to try to be consistent with their votes of censure. Furtwängler should not be made the focal point of jingoist abuse just because he is a more eminent international figure than some lesser men and women who have been accepted without question in this country, though they may have behaved less admirably than he. Most influential of the heresy-hunters was, rather as one might expect, the B.B.C. (Mr. Sorabji's "tin-pot vatican"); it buried its microphones, ostrichlike, in the sand, so far as Furtwängler was concerned, presumably so that those listeners with delicate patriotic susceptibilities and no musical taste should not be affronted by the undesirable influence of an *untragbar* continental artist.

We sincerely hope Dr. Furtwängler will not allow such parochial antics of an island race to prejudice the likelihood of an early return visit. Those audiences, mostly large, which attended his concerts, were very enthusiastic and there are many of us who look forward to the privilege of welcoming him again in the near future. We also hope he will try his hand at introducing Bruckner to the island race: there can be no finer advocate.

HALLE CONCERT

ROYAL ALBERT HALL: 6TH APRIL

THE visits of the Hallé Orchestra to London form a fine tonic—one which we could take more often with even greater advantage. On this occasion they pointed the contrast between music-making in London and music as Mr. Barbirolli and his orchestra make it. One fundamental difference completely obliterates any lesser similarities. It is a platitude that orchestral musicians play to earn a living; of course they do, but the Hallé Orchestra are so obviously happy in their work, and only in these dreary days of equality of misery should we need to emphasize the incalculable gain that accrues in the overall result.

The performance of any earnest amateur will give the lie to the old adage that "keenness is all"; by itself it remains praiseworthy but it can be most unattractive, almost as dismal as competence without enthusiasm. The Hallé have shown us once more that orchestral music needs an amalgam of ability and enthusiasm in its performance if it is to give real pleasure to performer and public alike: and what else is music for? Those conceited, disappointed would-be soloists who have wrought such havoc with the spirit of London's orchestras have much to answer for and we look forward to the day of reckoning. Meanwhile, Mr. Barbirolli and the Hallé persevere as a glowing example to lesser men.

The programme began with Haydn's Symphony No. 83, generally known as "The Hen", but *The Times* (7th April), in a burst of unwonted extravagance, goes at least one better, referring to it as *la Ponte* which, from our school days, we understand to mean "a laying of eggs". Presumably the grace-notes in the first movement's second subject are meant to mark the actual laying: "some chicken", as Mr. Churchill said in another context! No prize is offered for a correct solution of *The Times'* whimsicality.

The rest of the programme consisted of Stravinsky's Concerto for strings, the one famous excerpt from Berlioz' *Romeo and Juliet* and Dvořák's fourth Symphony in G. No stock concert, nothing hackneyed, and yet a large audience found the evening's work very much to their liking. Perhaps it is only the bad orchestras that need to go on plugging Tchaikovsky in order to attract packed houses from the lowest common denominator of music-lovers.

The orchestral playing was not uniformly expert. On the whole, the strings maintained a higher standard of dynamic accuracy plus emotional intensity than we remember having heard from them before, and Elisabeth Hawkins staked a claim to be considered the finest orchestral oboe in the country; Charles Cracknell (bassoon) and Arthur Lockwood (trumpet) also covered themselves with glory, but the horns remain unreliable, as they are in all English orchestras, and the principal clarinet made at least one *gaffe* which we are sure he will remember with displeasure for some time to come.

In fact, this was not a perfect concert—such are very rare indeed—but it was in a different class from what we Londoners are asked to stomach week after week. If the London Philharmonic had played with comparable vivacity and *élan* for Furtwängler their concerts too might have merited full appreciation from those listeners who know what an orchestra ought to sound like.

G. N. S.

THE EXPLORATORY CONCERT SOCIETY

THE Exploratory Concert Society held its eleventh meeting on 20th March, 1948, in St. Martin's School of Art. A single performer—Harold Truscott at the piano—presented a programme of weight and substance to a small, but very appreciative audience. Mr. Truscott began with his third Sonata for Pianoforte in C, composed between 1945 and 1947. It is a work of gargantuan proportions whose five bulky movements take fifty minutes to perform. It contains moments of considerable originality in the dissonant management of diatonic subjects, separated by large stretches of rather laboured development which would undoubtedly be improved if presented orchestrally. The formidable work is more a "veiled Symphony" (as Schumann called Brahms' similarly disproportionate essays in the piano Sonata) than a genuinely pianistic conception. It suffers from a general lack of colour and contrast, partly conditioned by the monochrome character of the chosen medium, partly due to the fact that the five movements are rather alike in character and atmosphere. Mr. Truscott's complex idiom could be clarified considerably in terms of the orchestra. Undoubtedly the highlight of the programme was Truscott's rendering of the famous Danish composer Carl Nielsen's highly impressive "Theme and Variations", op. 40 (1920). It whetted the appetite of every listener for a sample of his widely praised but rarely performed six symphonies. The Variations are the work of a real master. Their contrapuntal skill alone links them with Brahms' and Reger's famous variations on classical themes. But the mood and sonorities are peculiarly Scandinavian. Could our concert promoters perhaps give us an insight into Nordic music? Nielsen, Stenhammar, Alfvén, Hammerik, Jon Leifs and many others—they all represent different folkloristic and stylistic aspects of Scandinavian musical thought.

Mr. Truscott played Nielsen's tremendously difficult work with courage and conviction. But it was an obvious error of judgment to include Haydn's Sonata in C minor (1771) in this programme. Its performance uncovered certain deficiencies in the pianist's technique and stylistic approach to eighteenth century music.

The Exploratory Concert Society is to be congratulated on its choice of programmes. To introduce Carl Nielsen to a London audience is no mean feat.

H. F. R.

The outstanding feature of the twelfth concert on 3rd April was a set of Busoni's compositions, including the Sonata Seconda (1912) and Indian Diary (1915) by Philip Lévi, whose gift for rendering this intensely cerebral music is considerable. He also played Handel's D minor Suite and twenty-one of the Goldberg Variations in Busoni's transcription. If it be absolutely necessary for this work to be heard on the piano through the medium of Busoni, at least an audience should be spared the monstrously blatant pianisticism of the theme's last appearance which completely ruins the effect of the whole and is as shoddy musically as Gounod's *Méditation*. The vocalist was Audrey Knowles, who gave songs by Falconieri, Handel, Bax and a setting of *Wonne der Wehmut* by Alexander Ryger (1928), with a piercing cry in the middle. E. H. W. M.

Book Reviews

Keyboard Harmony for Beginners. By J. Barham Johnson. Pp. 59. (Oxford University Press.) 1947. 6s. 6d.

This book fills a great need; its writer is obviously a man who is admirably free from academic prejudice; it will serve not only as a good introduction to harmony for beginners at the piano but also as an excellent means of developing sight-reading ability. Mr. Johnson does not concern the pupil with part-writing (for which he directs him to a proper harmony book) but with the quick recognition and use of chords (as such) at the keyboard. R. O. Morris' *Figured Harmony at the Keyboard* (O.U.P.) adopts similar, though less simple, methods and would consequently be a first-rate continuation for those who would do well to begin with Mr. Johnson's book, which is tersely and clearly written. The only improvement that could be suggested would be the addition of more exercises than are already given; but there are still plenty, and any resourceful pupil could find ample material elsewhere for his experiments. This is highly recommended. R. S.

Der Freischütz. By Weber; English version by Edward J. Dent. Pp. 68. (Oxford University Press.) 1948. 2s. 6d.

The hypothesis implicit behind Sadler's Wells' productions is that the plots of the operas should be intelligible, and whatever may be said about the fidelity, poetry or singableness of Professor Dent's librettos they always put the plot in a vivid light and are provided with informative introductions. His treatment of *Der Freischütz* is no exception to this rule, besides containing admirable hints for the playing of Max and Caspar. Even when one knows what the opera is about, through the retention of the explanatory dialogue in Act I and Act III (which accounts for the seven bullets), one is still puzzled by Caspar's climbing a tree apparently for the sole purpose of being shot in mistake for a dove and bringing an accidental homicide, after a year of probation, to his bride. Was there ever a more forced contrivance to bring about a happy ending? It is fortunate that the homely and perennial charm of Weber's lucky shot does not depend on its third finale, where, by the way, the Rossini fever seems to have got into his blood. Professor Dent is most successful with Aennchen's skittish arietta, and he tends to make the whole thing more scenic than verbal. His statement that Max is no very heroic character really indicates an ingredient of romantic opera; one instinctively thinks of Tamino's first entrance in *The Magic Flute*, flying from a serpent that has to be killed by three ladies. These things do not matter; Max in his apprehension of fatality is not unlike Weber himself. The prefatory excursus on the legend and the untranslatableness of the opera's title are invaluable and succinct. Please may we have *Euryanthe* now?

E. H. W. M.

Benjamin Britten: Peter Grimes. By Charles Stuart. Pp. 35. (Covent Garden Operas, Boosey & Hawkes.) 1947. 2s. 6d.

Whereas the Sadler's Wells Opera Books address themselves to readers who are fairly well up musically, this series aims at heightening the receptivity of the uninitiated. On the whole, the present booklet does what is asked of it, though sometimes the desired relation between music and comment is reversed, in that you need the music for elucidating Mr. Stuart's remarks. The storm music's diminished third, for instance, is said to "open and close upon itself, as it were"—a mysterious way for a diminished third to behave. And for unfathomable reasons, though in his opinion as a matter "of course", the author bases his book on the printed score, though in places this is no longer valid.¹ Thus we read that in Act II, scene 2, Grimes "threatens" the boy; as far as I am aware,¹ he doesn't any longer. At the first mention of Balstrode (p. 11) there should be an

¹ "Peter Grimes" at Covent Garden, this journal, IX/1, February, 1948, p. 47.

indication of his benevolent rôle. Hobson's "I have to go from pub to pub" tune isn't just "embodied in the general musical structure of the scene which follows" (p. 12), but forms its basis. The emergence, in the storm interlude, of the yearning-ninth-theme (Ex. 2 in¹; just as much a "Grimes theme" as the so-described passacaglia theme) is not referred to; here as elsewhere Mr. Stuart sticks closely to Sackville-West's omissions.¹ Thus the relation between the Round's first tune and (a) the yearning theme, (b) the passacaglia theme and (c) the boy's theme in the passacaglia is not mentioned, nor is the fact that at the end of Act II the boy's theme is inverted. This last point, at least, would not have been too high for the novice reader. The material of the Sunday Morning Interlude does not merely "persist in the orchestra" after the curtain has gone up (p. 19), but the Interlude and the first part of the succeeding scene (up to the Maestoso) form so strong a unity that the latter section has been included in the concert version of the Interlude—again, surely, a point worth noting. "Among the thematic material deployed above [the passacaglia] ostinato is a wan and wandering melody . . ." (p. 24; i.e. the boy's theme). There is only one piece of thematic material in the passacaglia, namely, the ostinato itself. Everything upstairs derives from it, first of all the "wandering melody" (solo viola), out of which of course all subsequent variations develop. No mention is made, on pp. 14 and 27, of the reappearances of Swallow's theme (Ex. 1), though this is enlarged upon on p. 7 and pointed to on p. 32.

In the introduction, Mr. Stuart criticizes, *implicite*, the fact that Grimes is neither hero nor villain, whereupon the virginal reader will apply the same criticism to Don Giovanni. And in the concluding *Chronicle of Britten's Life* (p. 35) there are several inaccuracies in the column headed "Years old"; whoever compiled this forgot that Britten was born in November.

The book is recommended.

H. K.

Poetics of Music. By Igor Stravinsky. Pp. xii + 142. (Oxford University Press, 1948. 10s. 6d.

The French edition of Stravinsky's Harvard lectures was reviewed by Robin Hull on pp. 306-7 of Volume VIII. We have nothing to add to that review except that the author's exploration of platitude is indeed thorough.

Mi contra Fa. By K. S. Sorabji. Pp. 247. (The Porcupine Press.) 1947. 21s.

It is some years since we first read, with delight almost unrelieved, Sorabji's earlier miscellany, *Around Music*. This new volume will not bear comparison with its predecessor, although there remain some grand ideas and deliciously irreverent phrases to form a common bond. Much can be forgiven any author with the wit to describe the B.B.C. as a "tin-pot vatican" or music critics as "perambulating beer-vats".

And yet, unfortunately the old adage about protesting too much applies more strongly to this volume than to any other we can remember to have read. So much of what Sorabji writes is true and some of it always has needed and presumably always will need saying; but even those of his contentions with which we are sympathetic often seem overlaboured, while his recurring periods of abuse and attrition, when applied to the vindication of his own peculiar fads and fancies, at first appear ridiculous and then soon irritate.

This collection of essays, seemingly written over a number of years, has been thrown together without any apparent sequence or method and does not make a satisfactory book. There is no index.

Delius: A Critical Biography. By Arthur Hutchings. Pp. x + 193, illustrated. (Macmillan.) 1948. 12s. 6d.

Such appreciation and understanding of Delius' music as exists in England to-day is almost entirely the work of one man, Sir Thomas Beecham. No-one else ever has

¹ Sackville-West, E., *Peter Grimes: The Musical and Dramatic Structure*, in Sadler's *Welsh Opera Book* No. 3, 1945.

directed this music comparably well or, apparently, ever will. Therefore we are particularly glad to welcome another musician's efforts to spread the Delian gospel, without pretending that Professor Hutchings' biography can form any kind of substitute for that long familiarity with the composer's music which is the only sure basis of any genuine critical estimate. Obviously Professor Hutchings has developed such familiarity himself and the principal virtue of his book is that his descriptive and critical writing sends one back with renewed enthusiasm and curiosity to consult scores long since forgotten.

The style in which the narrative is written is undistinguished and there are odd passages of which the meaning itself is obscure; but a parenthetical puff for Sir Thomas (pp. 37-8) leads to a typically felicitous reference to the fluidity of Delius' music which "makes it a Tom Tiddler's ground for weaklings and charlatans of the profession". A terse comment with a wealth of feeling behind it and one which we hope some of the weaklings and charlatans may read for themselves.

The volume is well produced, with a generous complement of photographs and music examples: the latter being inserted in their proper positions in the text, as they should be. Misprints are few, while the only actual error we have found (a very minor affair) occurs on page 115. The reference to "happy days", three lines below the block, is an obvious slip which can easily be remedied in a second edition. Incidentally, while we agree with the author's observation here about the double cadence, we have grave doubts whether this particular "vocal line" could stand alone in any circumstances.

The bibliography is curious, making no reference to Fenby's book (which, however, is mentioned in the text) or to Max Chop's Berlin monograph, nor is there any mention of periodical literature. The list of gramophone records is out of date, as such things always are.

Nevertheless, this is a fine critical biography, written with unusual enthusiasm and understanding. It fills a gap in musical literature and presents its subject in a balanced and eminently sensible perspective.

G. N. S.

The Musical Workshop. By Frederick Dorian. Pp. xvi + 368. (Secker & Warburg.) 1947. 20s.

The author has set himself the formidable task of investigating the different stages of composition and of describing the creative processes from the initial draft down to the finished score. Furthermore, his book attempts to present a general psychology of the composer, dealing with the psychological aspects of manuscript and sketch and subjecting compositional technique (counterpoint, orchestration, etc.) to a searching analysis. The volume is divided into three main parts—"Inspiration", "Craft" and "Synthesis"—and, as a whole, it yields a very welcome assortment of important facts, features and phenomena, backed by copious quotations from composers' letters. The book contains also a spate of musical illustrations, among them three very well reproduced sketches by Beethoven and a number of facsimiles from Handel and his contemporaries. This comprehensive collection of facts and self-revelatory confessions concerning the problem of musical creation, gleaned from the sketchbooks and correspondence of Monteverdi, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert and others, seems to me to be the chief asset of Mr. Dorian's volume, whose general value would have been enhanced by a reliable bibliographical appendix. But the latter reveals grave shortcomings in the equipment of the author for this particular subject and it is here that outspoken criticism might help him materially for future occasions.

The process of musical creation has been painstakingly described and methodically analysed by continental scholars, to some of whom Mr. Dorian pays special tribute in his preface. Strange, however, for a scholar of his continental antecedents (he took his musical degree at Vienna University) are the number of omissions in his bibliographical index. Neither Max Dessoir's contributions to the psychology of musical composition (in *Beiträge zur allgemeinen Kunstwissenschaft*, 1929) nor a standard work like Ernst Kurth's *Musikpsychologie* (1930) are so much as mentioned. Of Julius Bahle's fundamental research in this particular field only his Leipzig Dissertation (1936) is referred to.

But his earlier publication, even more important than his thesis because of the reports of his experiments included therein, issued in 1930 as "Zur Psychologie des musikalischen Gestaltens—eine Untersuchung über das Komponieren auf experimenteller und historischer Grundlage" (a separate issue of *Archiv für die gesamte Psychologie*, Vol. 74, No. 3-4, 1930) does not figure at all in Mr. Dorian's book list. These regrettable gaps in the bibliography are matched by frequent inaccuracies in quotations and references. Amphion's character and the meaning of the term "Concerto Grosso" (which can be looked up in any musical dictionary) are explained at length, but the author remains strangely silent on the bibliographical whereabouts of quotations from prefaces by Monteverdi and Schütz, not easily accessible to the general reader. On page 166 Mr. Dorian quotes from Monteverdi's "preface to the Madrigals", as if this composer had published only one single book of madrigals during his long life, and not eight volumes of madrigals plus two volumes of "Scherzi Musicali", containing several prefaces. Actually, his quotation on p. 161 is taken from the preface to *Madr. B. V.*, 1605, but Giulio Cesare Monteverdi's "Dichiarazione" to this particular preface (published subsequently as an appendix to the "Scherzi Musicali" of 1607) would have served his arguments even better. Similarly, a very characteristic sentence by Heinrich Schütz on G. Gabrieli is quoted on p. 168 without the slightest indication that it is taken from Schütz' preface to "Symphoniae Sacrae" I, 1629. Other small but irritating inaccuracies may be dealt with more summarily. Hugo Wolf's death did not occur in 1902 (p. 91) but on 22nd February, 1903. Rossini did not write in later life "a few piano pieces" (p. 346) but more than 100 smaller compositions, the majority still remaining in MS. On p. 91 Mr. Dorian asserts that "between the completion of Wagner's *Lohengrin* and the conception of *Siegfried* lie almost seven fallow years". Here the confusion of dates and works seems difficult to disentangle. The full score of *Lohengrin* was complete by March, 1848. In the selfsame year Wagner wrote the libretto of "Siegfrieds Tod" (later renamed *Götterdämmerung*), which was complete by 28th November, 1848. By Christmas, 1852, the whole text of the Tetralogy was finished. From Mr. Dorian's subsequent passage "not a single music dramatic score came forth during this long period", it seems obvious that he has mixed up *Siegfried* with *Rheingold*, the latter being the first libretto actually composed after *Lohengrin*. But, even so, with the composition of *Rheingold* commencing on 1st November, 1853, five years and approximately seven months is all I can make out.

In an interesting chapter dealing with Handel's borrowings (p. 192 *et passim*) Mr. Dorian quotes Chrysander and Schering but fails to mention Donald Tovey's revealing essay on this controversial subject in his *Essays*, Vol. V. Neither does he attempt to present the other side impartially by referring to Robinson's *Handel and his Orbits*, London, 1908, which tries to debunk altogether the theory of Handel's borrowings (cf. the affirmative footnote on page 304 of Newman Flower's *Handel*, revised edition, 1947).

Lack of space alone prevents me from extending further this list of *Corrigenda*, to which many printer's errors should be added. It undoubtedly mars the general impression of a volume which otherwise is written in a pleasing and fluent style (save for ugly word combinations as "blowing instruments" and "contrapuntalist") and might serve as a popular introduction into the vast field of musical psychology, without, however, offering any new aspect or any original methodical approach to its many problems.

H. F. R.

SCHUBERT ANALYSED

Schubert, A Symposium. Ed. Gerald Abraham. Pp. 299 + 44. (Lindsay Drummond, 1946. 9s. 6d.)

What a feast! The student who has these 299 pages of text and 44 of musical examples, together with Deutsch's *Schubert, a Documentary Biography*, can safely be said to possess all the Schubertian matter he needs except the actual scores. No praise is too high for the eight articles that Professor Abraham has here assembled, marked as each is by absolute truthfulness. A short (7½ pages) study of Schubert the man by Professor Deutsch, a model of concentration, is followed by 70½ on the orchestral music

by Mosco Carner, full of meat, with particularly valuable notes on key-systems on pp. 30 and 65, and an alignment of the eight-bar start of the *Unfinished* to *Der Doppelgänger* and the key of its andante to the pastoral moods of *Der Baches Wiegenlied* and *Der Lindenbaum*. Such aperçus are worth pages of thematic analysis. I think the echo of the "Joy" theme of the *Choral Symphony* in the finale of the last symphony (p. 86, n. Grove had already noted this) intentional. Schubert is, as it were, saying: "This is my greatest symphony as yet, but my song of joy here needs no human voices", just as he had written to Kupelwieser in 1824 apropos of Beethoven's concert, "God willing, I too am thinking of giving a similar concert next year". As Alec Robertson writes (to anticipate, p. 194) "one can be jealous even of those one loves". Dr. Carner's statement that the two horns at the start of that symphony call up the German forests makes me wonder if the horn opening of the overture to *Oberon* (1826) may not have provoked, perhaps subconsciously, this "stroke of most daring genius". It was good to mention the anticipation of the great C major in the opening of the E minor overture (1819) and I would go further and say that its second (G major) theme almost earmarks the second theme of the last movement of that terrific adventure. This overture might in the concert hall take the place of that to *Alfonso und Estrella*, which seems to be coming in again. Professor Westrup's section on the Chamber Music is the most challenging of all the contributions. Valuable for a schematic comparison between Beethoven's Septet and the Octet, and even more for the rapprochement between the mood of the Minuet of the A minor quartet and the words "Schöne Welt, wo bist du?" in Schiller's *Die Götter Griechenlands*; it is obdurate in seeing "clouds decisively banished" and "a lightweight" in the finales of the A minor Quartet and the string Quintet in C. This attitude seems to me insensitive. There is a freakish mirth not quite of this world in the quartet finale, whose second subject has (what was never far from Schubert's mind) a spectral, almost Holbein's Dance of Death quality, *ff* being very sparingly used. As for the quintet finale, I have never conceived it as other than a consciously brave attempt to maintain a joyous façade in despair, in other words, it is about as lively as the finale of the great G minor Symphony. The finale of the G major Quartet, where Professor Westrup only sees "a mad rondo" and "an extraordinarily nimble mind", seems to have been missed likewise. The finale of a lesser work of the same romantic calibre, Weber's E minor piano Sonata (1822), as described by its composer, "a wild fantastic Tarantella, with only a few snatches of melody, finishes in extinction and death", gives a clue to the mood of the finales of both G major and D minor quartets, to say nothing of the 2/4 close of Schubert's last Sonata. As a matter of fact, Westrup uses the words "wild tarantella" of the D minor finale.

Of Kathleen Dale's beautifully written section on the piano music I can hardly say more than that it should prove of the utmost value to concert pianists. Her penetrating analysis of the little-played A minor Sonata (op. 143), her citing the transparency of Debussy's early style apropos of the finale of what Schumann considered Schubert's most perfect work, the "Fantasie" Sonata in G, and her mention of "mice" apropos of the E flat impromptu are all delicious touches. I think more highly of the two "characteristic" marches for piano duet than she appears to do, because their 6/8 quality singularizes them. Mrs. Dale is also responsible for a list of the keyboard works.

Alec Robertson has had the happy idea, after some useful preliminary remarks on Reichardt, Zelter and Zumstegg, of dealing with the songs under their poet's names. It is a daring article with provocative sentences, e.g. that Gounod (why not Berlioz?) did better than Schubert with *Der König in Thule* and that none of Beethoven's "shots at" *Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt* succeed. Some may think that the first, Beethoven's most Schubertian effort in song, does. Of course, no two people will agree with this writer's choices. In view of his, in my opinion, rightly dealing with Wilhelm Müller last of all, inserting an account of him, and suggesting that the *Schöne Müllerin* and *Winterreise* cycles should be sung as the two acts of a tragic drama with an interval between, I find it odd that he should not mention the only other poem by Müller set by Schubert, *Der Hirt auf dem Felsen*, his penultimate song, and real swan-song. There is a curious reluctance among musicians to realize the importance of this last untrammelled outpouring

of the composer's lyrical rapture, in which (for Milder, the creator of the rôle of Leonora), beyond his lonely hopelessness on earth he looks forward to the coming of spring, though it be but the echo of his own voice that brings the joy of spring-wandering. It is the necessary complement, as I have elsewhere (THE MUSIC REVIEW, November, 1947) pointed out, to the note of despair in *Der Leiermann* on which the winter-journey ends. No account of the poet Müller's influence on the musician is complete without this. Again, he makes very little of the single song to Schubert's own words, *Abschied*, written for Schober, who wrote the words *An die Musik*. This I find a precious and most significant document for two reasons: (1) Its key is B minor, that of the *Unfinished*'s first movement, *Der Doppelgänger*, *In der Ferne* and (in its original version) *Der Leiermann*, and it thus enables us to fix this "black" (as Beethoven called it) key as perhaps that which gives the most intimate personal revelation of Schubert, if keys mean anything at all; (2) The bars given to the piano unaccompanied are in the "Schöne Welt, wo bist du?" (thank you, Professor Westrup) rhythm of the minuet of the A minor Quartet. This song to Schubert's own words (*Hör' in diesem Trauer-sang Meines Herzens innern Drang*) dates from 1817, three years before the Schiller song and seven before the quartet. It might perhaps be regarded as the finite self-portraiture, "the artist as a young man". It is thus as revealing as Beethoven's *Gedenke mein!* (similarly an album-leaf specimen, 1820), though not comparable musically. Among the "poets", Albert Stadler, writer of the *Namenstag-Lied* (see *Schubert, a Documentary Biography*, No. 163) might have been mentioned.

The British Museum's part in this "symposium" consists in a bibliography and a paper on Schubert's music for the stage, both the work of A. Hyatt King, who has made the seven volumes of operas in the *Gesamtausgabe* edition his particular study. He has shown why the seventeen attempts, of which but three reached the stage, failed, and he has, in his account of the "Biedermeier" culture which conquered society after the Napoleonic wars, left, by implication, a dismal comment on the state of the arts in Europe at this very moment. In fact, I found his contribution, expressed lucidly and with abundant information, the most suggestive, sociologically speaking, in the volume. One can see at once why an artist like Schwind, with his homely talent for expressing Märchen delicately in colours, was bound to succeed and a tone-poet like Schubert to fail. The pretty titles devised by Schumann and his epigoni for small piano pieces are an indication of this hardly disguised Philistinism. Already we are being encircled by the group-culture of the prefabricated home. Mr. King has probably paved the way to the rendering of operatic excerpts from Schubert on the Third Programme.

An *advocatus Diaboli* is a necessity at such a feast and A. E. F. Dickinson is cast for the part. He takes evident pleasure in telling us what the Mass should be and how Schubert's Masses, of which hardly any of us know anything at all, fall short of the desideratum. No Schubert Mass, he says boldly, is a landmark either in the progress of Mass-music or in the composer's own development. His statement that the key of A flat usually marks a decline in Schubert's creative invention (p. 227) shows his absorption in the subject. It is indeed odd that the *Missa Solennis* did not penetrate to Schubert. In my ignorance I am puzzled. I cannot believe that when Schubert wrote to his father in 1825 (not 1828, p. 234, n.) that he never composed "hymns or prayers of that kind unless it [i.e. devotion] overcomes me unawares" he was other than perfectly sincere. An artist does not always give us the deepest sense of his piety when he is actually talking about God. I understand that very few sketches for Schubert's music exist, yet among them is a leaf from the Klopstock *Stabat Mater* containing the tenor aria with oboe; this at least argues earnest work. I feel myself that in composing the great Symphony and the E flat Mass in 1828 he had Beethoven's op. 123 and 125 in mind, and that a revaluation of Christianity, from a *primitive* standpoint, may cause his religious music, whatever its value as music, to be judged differently, i.e. as reflecting a *passive* Christ. It cannot have been an easy task to make this almost surgical examination of Schubert's choral works.

Of the final essay, Dr. Pritchard's on the Schubert idiom, I can only say that it must

be read slowly, and its remarks on tonality and modulation digested. He regards the D minor Quartet as the composer's finest piece of chamber music and concludes with a psychological analysis of it. In recommending this book to all music-lovers I would stress the fact that my remarks have been prompted by admiration, not disputation, and close with a suggestion for research students: to make a list of all the passages in Schubert where the dactyl and spondee rhythm of Beethoven's seventh symphony is, however slightly, in evidence, as in *Der Tod und das Mädchen* (*Der Wanderer*, *Wanderer's Nachtlied*, and *An mein Clavier*, are three more songs that occur to me). I think a not valueless estimate as to what Beethoven stood for in Schubert's maturing mind might thus be gained, though the inexplicable, e.g. the phenomenon of the *Quartettssatz* in 1820, crops up everywhere in this lyrical subject.

SIR RICHARD TERRY

Westminster Retrospect. By Hilda Andrews. Pp. xvi + 186. (Oxford University Press.) 1948. 12s. 6d.

These 186 pages are the story of one of the big, unselfish adventures of our time, the rediscovery and practical exposition of pre-reformation English music by a character who can be simply described as a great man. It is not a "life" in the ordinary biographical sense. The date but not the cause of death is given on the last page, and on the page before the sentence "he clung to his devotion to his daughter and his daughter's children" is the only indication vouchsafed to the breathless reader that the subject was married. Indeed, no more was necessary in the case of "independence of human contacts" so "fundamental" as this was. Terry (he was knighted in 1922) was one of those splendid north country Englishmen who, like Swinburne, with the sea in their blood, are natural aristocrats and democrats at once. Called to a great work, they respond with their whole being, a puzzle and an irritation to academics, of whom he said, as might have been said by Beethoven or Blake, "even when they're right, they're all *wrong*. No *vision*". I have no business to be reviewing this book, in which I can detect but one inconsistency (on p. 41 the Byrd Mass for five voices is said to have been sung for the first time for three hundred years on 21st March, 1899, at Downside, while on p. 169 the year is given as 1895, the year before Terry went there), for I am without knowledge of music of the period in question, but the book was sent to me and I owe a debt to R. R. Terry that can only be repaid in this clumsy way.

In 1905, as visiting examiner, he awarded me a music prize, which the then Harrow music-master, afterwards Sir Percy Buck, did not think fit to announce on the school notice-board. To this day I remember the sense of poise and diplomatic courtesy, so different from the frigid air of schoolmasters, with which this stranger, to whom I had to play a piece, affected me. In an extremely unhappy schooltime he was the sole human being who made me feel I was worth anything, yet I could not have seen him for more than ten minutes, and never again. Such meetings are the salt of life. The story that Hilda Andrews tells is fine reading and makes a reader wish he had been a chorister at Downside or Westminster Cathedral. It is diversified by historical and modal matters and much interesting reminiscence from correspondents, for instance, Professor Dent's account of Dr. Mann, of King's, whose library, by the way, contained Thomas Tomkins' copy of Morley's *A plaine and easie Introduction to practicall Musicke*, with marginalia and signed canons in the hand of Tomkins, and the letters of Adrian Fortescue, Terence McHugh, Monsignor Lawrence Hull and James Doe relating to Terry's habits as a choir-master. The work on the shanties and the Scottish Psalter is dealt with, as well as the more journalistic side of the man, who literally seems to have been a force thrown up by destiny to exhume the buried glories of English music. I have just been reading his essays on Palestrina and Byrd in Bacharach's *Lives of the Great Composers*, but do not find such a revelation of personality as the editress of "My Ladye Nevells Booke" has assembled in this pious memorial.

TOVEYITIS

A Companion to Mozart's Piano Concertos. By Arthur Hutchings. Pp. xiv + 208. (Oxford University Press.) 1948. 18s.

Sir Donald Tovey is responsible, in this country, for introducing a style of musical analysis and criticism that, since his death, has attained to hypertrophy and well nigh to the rank of a musicological disease. Its characteristics were an acute perception of the layout of movements, thus controverting the reach-me-down formal analyses of earlier hands, an arrogant sense that the ordinary music-lover is an uneducated ass, and by way of *sauce piquante* (for he was completely lacking in genial humour) the sort of gamesomeness that in senior commonrooms is delivered with a high-pitched titter: in other words the being who could say of Op. 27, No. 2, "Which we will *not* call 'Moonlight'", could, with no sense of inanity, compare the "opening nursery rhyme" of Op. 27, No. 1, to "a kitten in pursuit of its tail". Much can be excused in omniscience or the learned person who likes homely illustrations, and in safe hands, *e.g.* those of Professor Abraham and Mr. Dickinson, the legacy of Tovey is neither squandered nor misused. I am not so certain about Professor Hutchings. He is not just inoculated with the bacillus; he is definitely Toveyitic. His 207 pages octavo, *A Companion to Mozart's Piano Concertos*, betrays its descent not so much by its title but its manner, which exaggerates all those features that we have come to associate with the august name of Tovey. Be it admitted at once that this is a labour of patience and love, but its presentation *without* diagrams or anecdotage in, say, two volumes of "Music Pilgrim" format, would have been preferable. As it is, Professor Hutchings has tried to do too much. His biographical matter before each analysis is no doubt necessary as illustrating his conception of the Mozart concerto as a popular *ad hoc* fusion of accomplished organization and the *galant* style, and his frequent citations from the famous operas make the production of each of the twenty-four piano examples a vivid experience for the reader. He gives a list of MSS, recordings and a bibliography in which through an oversight, obviously unintentional, no music periodicals are mentioned; he goes into questions (p. 52) such as the composer's late puberty, the power of the delayed appoggiatura ("which has the same effect as has the delaying of eating while our mouths water"), the ancestry of keyboard concertos (he is surely right in deriving the opening of the C minor Concerto from C. P. E. Bach's example in F minor,* a rapprochement that had struck me ever since I acquired a copy of the first edition of the latter, ed. Wilhelmine Szarvady); he makes gallant play at seeing his subject unimpeded by the practice of later concertowriters and the assessments of that now convenient whipping-boy, Sir Hubert Parry; he tries—oh, so hard—to be homely and *gemütlich* ("Irving Berlin—an inspired artist who, I learn, plays only with one finger and upon the black notes", p. 148), he even variegates a diagram (p. 120) with shaded parts to "represent free passages, largely occupied with fast scales and arpeggios in triplet measure": yet, all the while, one feels that the ghost of Mozart (a bewildering gremlin, not at all like the Commendatore's statue) is slyly laughing, as one never feels in the sensitive, if not actually beautiful, French prose of C. M. Girdlestone, to whom Professor Hutchings avows indebtedness, or the sixty-seven pages (Chapter 17, "The Synthesis: The Clavier Concerto") in Einstein's *Mozart*, where, by the way, Barberina's, "pin", also in the Andante of K.456 is noted. I would not undervalue terse analysis such as the fourfold organization of the Mozartian concerto form given on p. 15, but when I read a sentence on the preceding page that ends "for tunes tend to grow into other tunes like the ends of a dissected worm" I recognize the School of "slithy toves", and justify my aperçu by a sentence on p. 149 that starts "Tovey recalls the centipede whose inspiration was paralyzed by a malicious snail". But even Sir Donald, in his most unbuttoned accesses of professorial wit, never attained to the astonishing use to which the English tongue is put on p. 95: "Performed in a sloppy way it [*i.e.* Andante of K.450] seems just what Hollywood seeks to help the

* Girdlestone has noted (1939) that the first theme of the C minor Concerto resembles no other Mozartian first theme, the nearest resemblance being that of K.449.

jilted bride bedew the Madonna's feet with glycerine". Obviously Literature and Music are separate Faculties in the University of Durham.

The *matter* of the book is of value to the student, though the appearance of musical illustrations elsewhere than on pertinent pages (e.g. an example mentioned on p. 147 is given on p. 152) makes it hard to read with ease. It marks a habit, peculiar to our time, of regarding Mozart as pre-eminently an operatic composer whose piano concertos were the most highly organized specimens of his genius outside his theatrical flights. Shorn of the stylistic excesses resultant on a hazardous model, it can, as the first full-dress English treatment of the subject, be used along with Girdlestone's impeccable work.

Messiah. By Julian Herbage. Pp. 72, illustrated. (Max Parrish.) 1948. 6s.

Mr. Herbage, who edited the score of the Oratorio for the broadcast celebrating the 250th anniversary of its composer's birth, in nine sincere and simply written chapters, tells its history from its inception at what is now 25, Brook Street, on 22nd August, 1741, to the publication of Prout's edition in mid-Victorian times. He omits only one landmark, namely the publication by the Sacred Harmonic Society in 1868 of the facsimile of the holograph score in photo-lithography, a scientific and aesthetic triumph of that now much-maligned period. The illustrations (two of the seven in colour, of Mrs. Cibber by Hudson, and The Foundling Hospital by Wilson, are exquisite) need special mention as being unusual. Handelians will be glad to have this book, which contains a plea for the performance of *Messiah* according to the set of parts at the Foundling Hospital, for, as the author says, "the indirect result of Handel's codicil is that our own generation can perform *Messiah* as it was given by Handel himself . . . during the last nine years of his life".

The Golden Age of Vienna. By Hans Gál. Pp. 72, illustrated. (Max Parrish.) 1948. 6s.

Quite apart from its excellent plates in colour this little book deserves more than one perusal. True, it only attempts to depict Vienna as a setting for the highest musical culture, to explain its beginning and its decline; but in the course of the seven chapters, embracing short essays on Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert, interesting points are made. The inference, for instance, drawn from the setting of the words *Così fan tutte le belle* in *Figaro* (Act I, No. 7) to a phrase in the overture of *Così fan tutte*, i.e. "Just a crumb from the old pie with a new icing. Let's see whether they will swallow it" sheds more light on Mozart's attitude to opera and the public than pages of learned argument. It also reinforces the repulsion these social comedies of da Ponte had for Beethoven, who regarded Mozart's part in them as prostitution of talent. Similarly, in the Schubert chapter the sentence "If he was what we call a Bohemian he was one with the regular, settled habits of a schoolmaster", puts the matter in the correct light at once. By the way, I doubt if 1820 be the right date for Schwind's head of his friend on p. 59. It is a posthumous work hastily executed to show a sculptor the conformation of the composer's skull. The musical quotations on pp. 30 and 64 should be clearer.

E. H. W. M.

The New Ballet. By A. V. Coton. Pp. 156, illustrated. (Dobson.) 1946. 35s.

This is a beautiful production, with coloured plates of dress designs by Doris Zinkeisen, Dimitri Bouchène and Hein Heckroth, numerous drawings by Richard Ziegler, partly in pencil and mostly from "duplicating stencil" work, and photographs from all periods of the Jooss Ballets. My only objection concerns the length of the lines (nearly seven inches in 10 point type) which makes reading tiresome, and the use of Mr. Ziegler's "favourite technique" even where the accumulation of lines makes the stencilling rather inky. On the whole, however, the book is a pleasure to handle.

Its literary style is somewhat flowery, and often repetitive. Perhaps it is necessary to know more of the vast English literature on modern ballet than this reviewer can claim in order to do Mr. Coton justice. It seems quite usual among the initiated to speak of Pythagoras and Plato when discussing the origin and development of ballet, but for

those who are not enthusiasts even the names of Newton, Descartes and Pascal do not sound very convincing.

The author stresses the contrast as well as the relations between the "Classical Ballet", old and new, and the "Ballet of Ideas" represented since 1932 by Kurt Jooss and his collaborators. Their "dramatic dance", their "thinking dancing" (combined with "thinking music") is more concerned with content than with form, the main object of the classical ballet. It would perhaps have been better to say that the Jooss Ballet is stylized pantomime (in the original sense, not the English variant). Mimic art, presented by trained bodies, makes even the male dancer endurable to spectators uninflicted by modern balletomania. Another merit of the Jooss Ballets was the abandonment of decorative stage settings and of nearly all stage properties, enabling the actor-dancers to sit without chairs, or to ride without a coach. The coachman from the "Company at the Manor", one of Miss Zinkeisen's delightful creations, rightly appears in several variations on the pages and endpapers of the book, as does Jooss' own personification of Death from the world-famous "Green Table". Another unforgettable impression is recorded in Roger Wood's photographs of "Le Bosquet", with Noelle de Mosa like an animated nymph from Watteau's paintings.

The permanent assistants to Jooss' successes were, however, Sigurd Leeder in the ballet's own school, Hein Heckroth in its costumes, and F. A. Cohen in its music, until recently without orchestra. Jooss' teacher was Rudolf Laban, the inventor of a new dance notation. The book shows specimens of seventeenth and eighteenth century notations confronted with Jooss' "kinetographic score" of the "Green Table's" first scene.

O. E. D.

The Symphonies of Mozart. By G. de Saint-Foix. Pp. 188. (Dobson.) 1947. 8s. 6d.

This work has the rare merit of being all too short. Nevertheless, within its limits it does provide a comprehensive survey *in petto* of Mozart's symphonic writing. It is true that more than half the book is devoted to the last three symphonies, but as we can never learn enough about these it would be ungrateful to cavil at this. The earlier pages, though not nearly so generously supplied with musical examples, give a fairly adequate summary of the works that led up to the three crowning miracles. Here and there one suspects that Saint-Foix' worship of Mozart goes a little near to blind idolatry; it is impossible to believe that all the youthful symphonies are quite as significant as he would have us believe. But everything may be forgiven for his exhaustive analyses of the final trilogy, which are greatly helped by a plentiful supply of musical examples (the one on p. 121 containing a badly misprinted bar-line, by the way). It is fitting that most space should be given to the divine contrapuntal jugglery of the finale to the *Jupiter*, to which ten pages are devoted; but all three masterpieces are admirably and lucidly discussed so that, provided he has a score handy, no student can fail to profit by these excellent discourses.

Saint-Foix is at great pains to explode the fallacy (which so far as this country is concerned, no longer holds good) that Mozart was nothing more than a supremely elegant composer, incapable of the elemental passion that informs the larger works of Beethoven. In this respect he contrasts him with Haydn, who comes off rather badly here in comparison with his great contemporary. According to Saint-Foix, it is Haydn who is the mere entertainer; a supremely gifted and witty entertainer, but little more. One wonders what Tovey would have had to say to this. But it is certainly true to say that nowhere in Haydn could one find finales to match those of the great G minor or *Jupiter* symphonies, with their concentrated fire and passion, no less deeply felt because expressed with such supreme artistry and boundless technical resource.

Saint-Foix also gives us some opinions on the last symphonies written at various times by Fétis, Berlioz and Oubicheff; this last being a devoted Russian admirer of whose writings most of us are probably ignorant. It is interesting to compare their views on the G minor. Fétis speaks of "... the inventive fire burning in this work, the passionate and energetic tones there poured forth ... (which) make it one of the very finest productions

of the human mind". Berlioz, on the other hand, finds the first movement merely "admirably fashioned, and full of charming fancies", and of the finale remarks that it is "full of verve, strewn with fragments of adorable melody". Oubicheff, writing some five years later than Berlioz, saw in the work "... the disturbance of unhappy love ... a grief without reserve and without bounds", while of the finale he declares: "I doubt if there exists in all music anything more deeply incisive, more cruelly anguished ... than the second half of this finale", and adds: "How has this abundance of passion sprung from such abundance of skill"? This is a question that must often fascinate Mozart lovers; to which there is probably no more satisfactory answer than that genius will always operate with ease and freedom within no matter what self-imposed limitations.

Mr. Leslie Orrey's translation seems all that can be desired, and the book is cheap at the price.

Seven Essays. By George Sampson. Pp. viii + 232. (Cambridge University Press.) 1947. 10s. 6d.

"I am not only enthusiastic myself, but the cause that enthusiasm is in other men." Mr. Sampson might well apply this adaptation of Falstaff's description of himself to these essays. A good critic must be possessed of many accomplishments, but if he has not within him a capacity for enthusiasm he is little more than a tinkling cymbal. It is just this spirit that makes Mr. Sampson's essays so stimulating to read. Whether he is writing on the operas of Mozart, or on hymns of the eighteenth century; comparing Bach with Shakespeare, or reviving the glories of Irving's acting, he brings to his task a delightful zeal and gusto. Thus, his essays are a pleasure to read, even if one may not always share his convictions. His judgments are fair and balanced, and his occasional animadversions, though strongly expressed, never give the impression of being soured by prejudice, or as having been written with the desire to startle at any cost.

The essay on Mozart's operas has evidently been a labour of love, and is packed with good things. How excellent is the following, for example:—

Whatsoever will not serve the purpose of music is a dead weight on opera and will drag it down. . . . The operatic effects of Mozart never leave the realm of pure music. . . . The instinct that forbade him to write a quintet like a symphony also forbade him to turn opera into a super-show of the exhibitive arts.

This may seem an unjust tilt at Wagner's scenic demands, seeing that some of his most wonderful music is poured out in illustrating the Rhine, the Magic Fire, the glowing anvil and other memorable "super-shows" in *The Ring*. But, remembering the dead weight of Wotan's interminable monologues or, to turn to a later composer, the musically meaningless racket that accompanies many of the Baron's scenes in *Rosenkavalier*, one cannot help feeling that there is a great deal of truth in Mr. Sampson's dictum. It is true that Mozart was able to "cheat", as it were, by making use of *recitativo secco* to tide over those awkward moments in all operas where the story must be carried on, while the music can do little more than mark time. But granted that recitative was something of an artificial makeshift, is it even now so certain that our modern "durchkomponiert" operas have improved on it?

The essay, *Bach and Shakespeare*, is an eloquent tribute to Bach's genius though the parallel Mr. Sampson seeks to establish between the two is not altogether convincing. Granted that there was a certain similarity in the outward events of their lives, as artists they were surely poles asunder. Bach would never seem to have written a bar of music without due consideration. Shakespeare, who wrote with a kind of divine carelessness, was capable of relapsing into banalities the equivalent of which it would be impossible to find in Bach who, whether his inspiration was at white heat, or temporarily in abeyance, was never less than the supreme craftsman. What the late Professor A. E. Housman wrote of Milton:

The dignity, the unfaltering elevation of style,
... the high respect of the craftsman for his craft

might be spoken with equal justice of Bach, and it is surely Milton who is, if anyone,

Bach's poetic peer. This does not, however, detract from the interest of the essay, which contains, among other things, some suggestive comments on *The Art of Fugue*, and a well-reasoned plea for a reduction of the forces normally employed in performances of the larger choral works, with a view to clarifying for the listener the vocal and instrumental part-writing.

The attack on the teaching (save the mark!) of literature in the State schools will delight everyone save, perhaps, the teachers in those institutions who, to use Mr. Sampson's phrase: "regale pupils with regurgitated note-book, and extort from poetry something that is unpoetical". The tribute to Irving would have rejoiced the heart of James Agate, and succeeds to some extent in recreating something of the power and magic of Irving's acting, which few of Mr. Sampson's readers could ever have seen. But in one place the author falls into what is surely a curious error of artistic judgment. Defending Irving against the onslaughts of Bernard Shaw who, as everyone knows, attacked Irving bitterly for attaching more importance to effective parts than to the merits of plays themselves, Mr. Sampson retorts: "Bernard Shaw, who knew so much, never knew that actors like good parts, not good plays." But what would Mr. Sampson, as a music lover, say if Heifetz, Menuhin or Horowitz confined their repertoires to flashy show pieces of Paganini, Vieuxtemps or Liszt, defending this practice on the grounds that instrumental virtuosi prefer effective solo writing to good music?

However, though one may disagree with the author here and there, these essays make admirable reading, and may be confidently recommended to lovers of literature and music alike.

C. W. O.

Bach. By Eva Mary and Sidney Grew. Pp. xiv + 239. (Dent.) 1947. 7s. 6d.

To write a book on Bach after the work done by Spitta, Pirro, Schweitzer, Terry and other famous musicologists could be no easy task, but one would have expected that the authors of this new book, fully conscious of the difficulty, would have tried to focus the reader's attention on the most essential facts of Bach's life, and to explain more fully his position as a composer. Mr. and Mrs. Grew, however, seem to have been overwhelmed by the venture on which they had to embark. They give in the preface a list of nineteen points, "the things that would have been discussed if there had been room". Unfortunately, these are the very things which ought to have been included in any book on the life and works of Bach. Instead of them, unimportant events like the quarrel with the bassoon player Geyersbach, or the motives of his long absence from Arnstadt are treated at disproportionate length. There can be no doubt of the authors' profound knowledge of the works of Bach, and their remarks about phrasing, performances, rehearsals, the state of club concerts and university music are very instructive.

Ravel. By Roland-Manuel. Pp. 152. (Dobson.) 1947. 8s. 6d.

Ravel. By Norman Demuth. Pp. x + 214. (Dent.) 1947. 7s. 6d.

These two biographies of Ravel, published almost simultaneously, give, strictly speaking, only one source of information, for N. Demuth's biographical data are based on those given by Roland-Manuel in the original French edition of his book, published in 1938.

Roland-Manuel is the only person who can provide the material for an authentic biography of Ravel. He was his pupil and friend. But it is clear that Ravel's real personality can be seen best in his works. The facts of his career are of no particular interest. Of his personal contacts we hear little. There are no outbursts of temperament as was the case with Debussy. Yet, from every episode which Roland-Manuel records, we gain the impression of an extremely sensitive personality which hid itself behind an air of courteous correctness. Roland-Manuel was, perhaps, so much under the spell of his hero's personality when he wrote that he showed a Ravelian restraint and refrained from giving away too much of what he must have known about Ravel's life and work. I personally am in complete sympathy with Roland-Manuel's attitude. His method is calculated to give a truer picture of the artist than the accumulation of biographical

detail can ever do, and the picture of the composer which he gives in chapters xii and xiii is sufficiently clear.

Norman Demuth's book is a valuable contribution to the "Master Musicians" series. He concentrates on the musician and gives an excellent survey of Ravel's development as a composer. It is most illuminating to see that in the *Menuet antique*, published in 1895, when Ravel was twenty, some features already occur which are characteristic of the style of his later works. It is also interesting to note that the climax of Ravel's development lies before the first war and that his creative output, from 1917, when he left the army, until his death in 1937, was rather small. It would be an interesting task for a student of musical development in France in the twentieth century to investigate the stylistic changes which took place in the work of Debussy and Ravel at nearly the same moment, and to compare this with the development of other contemporary musicians. The excellent calendars and catalogues of works provided by the "Master Musicians" series would greatly facilitate such an investigation.

E. J. W.

Albert Roussel. By Norman Demuth. Pp. 151. (United Music Publishers.) 1947. 10s. 6d.

This book disappoints. It is disappointing because, with all the author's unbounded enthusiasm, sympathy and knowledge of his subject, he somehow fails to state his case convincingly. And this is a pity, because Roussel enthusiasts in this country (and I count myself one of them) could almost be counted on the fingers of one hand, while the general public has all too few opportunities of becoming acquainted at first hand with a composer whose appeal, at the best of times, could never be anything but limited. Roussel knew this himself, and never expected or, indeed, desired his works to win the approval of "the masses". His view was that "music is the most hermetic and least accessible of all the arts", and that "the musician, even more than the poet, is completely isolated in the world, alone with his more or less incomprehensible language. . . ." All the more reason, then, for a writer who is endeavouring to expound the music of one holding such views to lay special stress upon those qualities which, in his opinion, confer upon this music its markedly individual, and to some extent, "unique" character. Here, I feel, the author has not been quite as successful as one could have hoped. There are, for instance, too many appraisements of individual works expressed in colourless and sometimes almost perfunctory terms which must fail to convey any definite impression whatever to anyone not conversant with the work in question. Thus one reads that the string Quartet is "a notable achievement". But so are the quartets of Beethoven and many other composers. "It is music, pure and simple." But what else can a string quartet be? And then we are told: "No doubt it is not very attractive . . . repetition, however, brings out its best features, and these will be found to be very real." But if a work has any features at all, how can they be anything but "real"? Again, it is not enough to say that a work is "typically French", or "in no way sentimental"; and what is the reader to think when he is told that the third Symphony is "a cheerful work with terrific driving force and no little beauty"? It is true the author states that this Symphony is "a landmark in French music", which is fair enough; the point I am trying to make is that there is nothing in the actual verbal description he gives of it that makes it clear why it must be so considered—nothing, in fact, that might not equally well be applied to plenty of other pieces of music not necessarily by Roussel. One further example of the author's peculiar "non-conductor" style may be given. Speaking of Roussel as a song-writer he says:

"Surveying the gamut (*sic*) of Roussel's songs, we have found an amazing equality of standard. There are many composers of whose songs one can say that certain are good and others bad. This cannot be said of Roussel's. The only ones of which one can think even slightly disparaging (*sic*) are . . . only not very interesting. Even the very early ones are but out-moded; as examples of their kind and of their style they can rank with the highest." Apart from the verbal imprecision of this statement (presumably it means "with the highest in an outmoded style", if that means anything) is not this a perfect example of damning with faint praise?

But in spite of the infelicities of language in which the book abounds, Mr. Demuth is so obviously clear in his own mind that Roussel's music is important, even if he finds it hard to communicate what he feels and his reasons for feeling as he does, that we must be grateful to him for giving us what, after all, is the first serious study in English of this unjustly neglected composer. For the first time the whole of his considerable output is passed in review and subjected to analysis, with plenty of music examples; while an appendix contains a complete list of the works in chronological order. Mr. Demuth is right in stressing the importance of Roussel as a symphonist (a fact which alone entitles him to a special place in the history of French music); although when he calls him "the French parallel to Vaughan Williams" I feel he is perhaps on less sure ground.

Nevertheless, this book, in spite of superficial shortcomings which cannot, after all, obscure the high purpose and enthusiasm with which the author has approached his subject, should be welcomed by students of French music; while in calling attention to the great beauties and originality of such master works as *Padmavati* and *Psalm 80*, which ought to be far more widely known, Mr. Demuth has thrown down a challenge which, we hope, will be picked up, sooner rather than later, by one or other of our more enterprising choral societies, or even by the B.B.C.

Ysaÿe. By Antoine Ysaÿe and Bertram Ratcliffe. Pp. xi + 250. (Heinemann.) 1947. 16s.

To the present reviewer Ysaÿe is a memory; to many of the younger generation, however, he is doubtless only a name. My own recollection of the great violinist is of being taken as a boy of about ten or thereabouts to hear him play at the old St. James' Hall in Regent Street and of being overcome by emotion—partly, no doubt, from excitement, as this was, I believe, the first time I had ever been to a big orchestral concert in London. Ysaÿe, who must have been then in his prime, played, if I remember right, concertos by the "Three B's"—the Bach was the E major. The great podgy figure, with its long, black mane seemed to me then a divine being—no less divine than the sound he produced from that magical instrument of his. No doubt I must have heard him again in later years, but the impression I carried away from that first concert is the one that sticks.

Most books about great executants, whether they be singers or world-famous "virtuosi", show a strong family likeness and are usually excessively boring. However, this account of the great Eugene's "life, work and influence", by his son Antoine, in collaboration with Bertram Ratcliffe, contains a good deal of interesting matter. Ysaÿe, after all, played a very prominent part in the musical life of France and Belgium, especially, and was closely associated with nearly all the leading composers of his time, many of whom, including Debussy, d'Indy, Franck, Fauré and Chausson wrote works specially for him. In this connection the authors quote this testimony from Guy Ropartz, one of the last disciples of Franck:

"It is impossible to say how many composers turned to chamber music owing to the certainty they had that their works would be ideally executed by him and his co-artists. Without him should we have had, for instance, the *Poème* of Chausson, the Quartets of d'Indy, or that of Debussy? French music can never be sufficiently grateful to him."

Ysaÿe thus belonged to that small and select class of virtuosi whose memories are kept alive as much by the works they inspired contemporary composers to write for them as by their own supremacy as performers and interpreters. Although he died as recently as 1931 one is apt to forget that he either played with or conducted for Casals, Thibaud, Szigeti, Busoni, Kreisler and Cortot, and was conducting the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra as late as 1922. He also conducted the works of Bartók, Malipiero, Stravinsky and Schönberg, though he confessed that their music "made him feel dizzy". It also comes as a surprise to learn that he met Honegger, who impressed him (although he was sceptical at first) as "a great musician", and that Stravinsky went to see him during his last illness. According to the authors:

"The two discussed music at length, and it was while Ysaÿe was explaining his attitude towards modern music that Stravinsky broke in with: 'But I, too, dislike false notes'. After

he had gone Eugene remained lost in thought; then, turning to those beside him he said: "Stravinsky is wrong. There are no false notes, there is only false music. Perhaps that is what he meant?"

On reflection, this remark is perhaps profounder than it appears at first sight. In any event, the anecdote is interesting, if only because it shows us Ysaÿe in an unfamiliar light.

Among the illustrations, mostly of the musical notabilities of the period, there is one priceless photograph, dated 1905, showing Ysaÿe in a frock-coat and Panama hat, with his wife on his arm; and another taken in Scotland in 1915 where he is wearing white tennis shoes and what appears to be a velvet smoking jacket with braided frog fastenings. It is pictures like these that bring home to one the gulf that separates the "artistic" manners of the day before yesterday from those that prevail to-day. R. H. M.

Historical Anthology of Music. By Archibald T. Davison and Willi Apel. Pp. xii + 258. (Harvard University Press: Cambridge.) 1947. 42s.

Direct Approach to Counterpoint in Sixteenth Century Style. By Gustave F. Soderlund. Pp. x + 133. (Crofts: New York.) 1947. \$3.50.

Musical anthologies are not common, and they are particularly valuable when they cover a period that is unfamiliar to the average concert-goer. This is a most attractive book, beautifully printed and planned, a delight to read and play from, and covering a remarkably wide range. Of the earlier portions, dealing with very early popular and liturgical music, only a specialist can write authoritatively and critically; the present reviewer can only express admiration for its comprehensiveness and for the extraordinary variety of melody to be found in it, adding perhaps a word of special mention for a piece of Siamese orchestral music which might, from its appearance, have strayed out of the more exotic parts of Puccini's *Turandot*. In the choice of music from a later period the balance between sacred and secular has been admirably maintained; this is particularly valuable in the case of such composers as Dunstable and Josquin des Prés, whose names are associated by the popular mind almost exclusively with ecclesiastical work. Equally admirable is the inclusion of a madrigal by Palestrina, "Alla Riva del Tebro", an interesting piece of music which suggests that, contrary to the usual belief, Palestrina could sometimes be stimulated by the setting of secular words to a freer and bolder handling of dissonance. Vittoria is well represented by the magnificent "O vos omnes", but a specimen of his more exultant moods might also have been included. On the other hand, Dowland and Weelkes are allowed only one piece each, comparatively slight in mood and giving no idea of the intensity of their greatest work, and nothing of Wilbye appears. The juxtaposition of Ballets by Gastoldi and Morley is interesting, though a specimen of the former's madrigals might have been welcome. And surely one of Farnaby's virginal pieces would have been worthy of a place. But, in general, the wealth of instrumental music included is particularly welcome as it is still so much less widely known than the choral works. The introduction of accidentals in music of this period will always leave a regrettably wide scope for disagreement; the editors of this anthology have pursued a policy of caution which is probably in the right direction, but has sometimes been carried to excessive lengths. But of the general value of the book there cannot be two opinions; it presents a large amount of material in an accessible and attractive form and will contribute greatly to our knowledge of the very wide period that it covers.

Mr. Soderlund's *Direct Approach to Counterpoint* thoroughly deserves its title. It is the work of a scholar who is concerned not with the traditions established by older textbooks, but with the practice of the composers themselves. He obviously has a profound knowledge of the music of Palestrina, and has considered it from every point of view, melodic, harmonic and rhythmic, laying due stress on the supreme importance of the study of melodic line. The subject has been treated with admirable thoroughness, and every precept is illustrated by a quotation, usually from Palestrina; the author has, however, composed as a warning to the student a fascinating exercise which contrives to break over twenty rules in under twelve bars. P. F. R.

Music in Education. By W. J. Smith. Pp. 160. (Faber & Faber.) 1947. 8s. 6d.

Education for Music. By Noel V. Hale. Pp. xix + 243. (O.U.P.) 1947. 12s. 6d.

The past war has convinced us more forcibly and more uncomfortably than anything else could have done, that although even the most perfectly constructed scheme of education can only be to us as an architect's plan, without it we shall never see a better world rising from the ruins of the old. Musicians then, whether teachers or not, should feel thankful that even before the cessation of hostilities educationists concentrated on setting their house in order, and particularly grateful that members of their own fraternity were not lagging behind, for music has to make up much leeway before its place in the educational field is fully recognized by either the teaching profession generally or the public as a whole.

To both these groups two books published during the past year, and between them covering the whole field of musical education from its administration by the local education authority to teaching method in the day school, are addressed. They bring to us the careful research and patient labours of two pioneers during the years when it was not too respectable, and often not financially profitable to become a member of the profession. The idea was still prevalent that "those who can DO, those who can't TEACH". Both authors are essentially practical men speaking with the authority of long and wide experience, but men who have brought to their duties the vision without which no true art can flourish. Their writings reveal not only a most heartening progress in musical education and a changing attitude to the whole subject, but what is even more important, fire those of us who are at present only lagging practitioners with an enthusiasm to take our rightful place in this great forward movement.

Music in Education—"primarily an account of an educational experiment carried out in Alleyn's School, Dulwich, from 1925 until the present time",—may prove the more easily readable by the class-teacher of our secondary schools, for in it he will recognize many of the problems which daily confront him in his own school, and should be heartened to see how they have been faced and overcome by one of his fellow teachers, albeit a rather exceptional one.

At the time of W. J. Smith's appointment the "musical tradition of the school included a yearly concert of solos and part-songs, an orchestra in course of formation; short recitals during the dinner hour three times a week, a fine new organ, one good piano, no music room, a poor gramophone, and one pupil learning to play the piano". There was also a collection of odd orchestral instruments, a very sympathetic headmaster (how important), and a grant of £50 a year.

So far, except perhaps for the new organ, the grant, and the headmaster, this reads like a typical description of many of our secondary schools at the moment, especially when a little later the dilapidated copies of the National Song Book are mentioned. What will make those of us who rest satisfied with such conditions sit up and take notice is the speedy transformation in the school, so that within one year *The Alcestis of Euripides* was produced, with a considerable "corps de ballet", original music, and accompaniments played by an orchestra gathered from boys, parents and friends with a little professional stiffening. In three years the boys' own orchestra included one horn, one trumpet, one trombone, single woodwind, violins, one bass and drums. The number of pupils learning to play organ, piano or orchestral instruments had now risen to sixty, . . . and the grant was raised to £80. . . . Has this a moral for timid souls?

The time allowed? Two lessons of forty minutes a week for each class in the junior school, and one lesson up to the fifth or School Certificate forms for the senior school.

Since then the school music has continued, even during war-time evacuation, to go on from strength to strength, and the appended programmes reveal the extent of the boys' repertoire—an integral part of their education. Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*, Vaughan Williams' *Magnificat*, *Don Giovanni* and the standard symphonies and concertos are their bread and butter, for our author believes, and it is a lesson which many of our "Appreciation" enthusiasts would do well to learn, that the best and surest way to increase the child's

first-hand knowledge and love of a piece of music is not so much by listening to it as by participating actively in its performance. The stress should always be on doing, rather than listening, and the words "individual expression" form one of the keystones of this book and the Dulwich scheme. "The schools are still playing down to their audiences, teaching them far too much, exhibiting to them the artistry of others, and endeavouring to make of their pupils antiquarians or musicologists."

How does our author achieve his results may well be a question in many readers' minds. He himself supplies his own answer. "I don't, the boys do it." His avowed teaching technique is one of self-effacement. He is always there in an advisory capacity, but looks forward to the day when the boys themselves will be ready to take over from him.

The book contains much that is interesting about other sections of the school's music scheme: eurhythmics, folk dancing, and—since the author has had experience of the stage—ballet, plays with music, and opera. It also deals as generally as space and purpose permit with many subjects which will always be fit topics for discussion when musicians meet:—the training of music teachers, school societies, unison singing, school broadcasts and the "piano as the basis of all musical study".

With some of its conclusions we shall disagree, and we wish that those names on the appended programmes of purely local interest, and the list of scholarship successes as well as some of the ubiquitous quotations had been omitted.

Education for Music will prove much heavier going for the general reader unacquainted with the intricacies of administration, but it must be studied by all who have the cause of music in education at heart, whether as music or general teachers, voluntary workers, students, administrators or parents. A formidable list, but to each of these groups Mr. Hale has something vital to say. He does not confine his attention to the day school, but pleads for a co-ordinated scheme embracing all educational departments from the cradle to the grave, and whether receiving grant aid from the local education authority at present or not.

The book is concisely written, well documented, and full of that wholesome common-sense which will do much to raise music out of its present position as the Cinderella of education. Not only does it review with admirable objectivity the failings and progress of the past thirty and more years, but also sets out nineteen provisional recommendations as a basis for constructive discussion and action, "the framework of a complete policy that has yet to be worked out minutely".

If this section only of the book is studied carefully and its message understood by those people to whom it is addressed we can hope for great things in the future.

Mr. Hale believes that music has a dual purpose to fill—one in which examinations play a very minor role—that of giving personal enjoyment, and of engendering a desire to pass on to others in the form of created work the inspiration derived therefrom, and like W. J. Smith he sees in it a curative and a cultural influence making for full spiritual development—"when some of the rough edges of human nature have been smoothed away, and when character has been mellowed" it is usually to some cultural pursuit that the cause can be attributed.

But unlike W. J. S., who believes that, "although music is recognised by many authorities as a subject in the school time-table, we still have to learn that art is fundamental to all education whatever", Mr. Hale insists that music should be regarded along with other subjects "as a means to an end . . . that of providing a balanced education".

In this connection we should do well to consider Mr. Hale's proposal that in our adult classes an effort should be made to interest the parents in the musical education of their child as well as in music itself.

Part I deals comprehensively with music in the past educational system and in its youngest child—further education—and reveals the rapid development of music in schools, more rapid perhaps than that of any other subject during that period, so that a teacher who was hailed as a pioneer in 1918 is now recommended for dismissal. But these changes are not all uncritically welcomed by the author, as his paragraph dealing with the Hadow Report and the consequent school reorganization shows; and he stresses that there are

still great difficulties in the way of the talented child wishing to pursue his musical studies after school hours and on leaving school. Moreover there is still "neither a ladder with the national music institutes at its summit, nor a channel to direct into organised education any flow of qualified teachers coming from these institutions".

The suggestions concerning the training of music teachers are very welcome, for although conditions vary from area to area, large numbers of our students still leave college able to construct an academic fugue with admirable technique, but quite unable to teach effectively a simple folk song, and often with little or no knowledge of the piano keyboard.

Mr. Hale proposes, as part of the remedy of this unfortunate situation, the establishment of area music training departments—with the collaboration of the Central Education Authority and the recognised music colleges and schools for the provision of training courses covering the full requirements of all music teachers, and for part-specialists adequate courses at a sufficient number of teachers' training colleges. To all three types of teachers, full-time music specialists, part-time music specialists and part-specialist music teachers a National Teachers' Certificate would be given, "A", "B", or "C", thus doing away for ever with the "bogus" award.

The paragraphs dealing with the early classification of scholars, examinations and special place awards, the McNair and Norwood Reports and all mention of instrumental teaching deserve careful and critical attention. Those responsible for the planning of our new schools would do well, too, to consider the plea for special music rooms—equally important as gymnasia—carefully situated and equipped with permanent apparatus.

Mr. Hale deals at length with the difficulties and unsatisfactory status of the visiting music teacher, and stresses again the fact that music teachers—with as yet little or no knowledge of the educational system in which they would seek partnership—have been forgetful of their need for securing representation as a body and of the possibilities of achieving better conditions for carrying on their work.

But one could continue quoting from this admirable book *ad. inf.*, only in so doing one would merely summarise it for those who should study it seriously. J. P. B. D.

On Music and Musicians. By Robert Schumann. Pp. 274. (Dobson.) 1947. 15s.

Schumann's critical writings should be required reading for musical aspirants. It is rare to find an artist endowed equally with critical and creational abilities as Schumann was. These essays, mostly contributed originally to his own *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* when the romantic movement was at its height, are the more suited to young people because the enthusiastic pen with which they were written was dipped continually into a rose-coloured, romantic ink. Not that Schumann could not be unmistakeably severe, as for example, in his strictures on Meyerbeer.

There is room to mention but two of the essays in detail. The first was written about his journey to Vienna in 1838, when he picked up a pen on the grave of Beethoven and then sought out Schubert's brother, who showed him a mass of Franz' manuscripts still unperformed and unpublished. Schumann pounced upon the then unknown ninth Symphony, the great C major, and despatched it to Mendelssohn under whom it was performed for the first time at the Gewandhaus on 21st March, 1839. In 1840 Schumann told the story, written, as he says, with the pen he found on Beethoven's grave.

The other great discovery concerns Chopin. Here Schumann tells the story in the person of Eusebius, leader of the imaginary *Davidsbündler* (unnecessarily and pedestrianly translated in the present version as *Davidites*). Eusebius has discovered in a serial publication of *Selected Grand Concert-pieces* a pianoforte piece which he plays to the group without disclosing either its composer or its title. "Hats off; gentleman; a genius" he says. This was Chopin's Opus 2, published in 1830 when the composer was barely twenty, and his first work to appear outside Poland.

More than a century after they were written most of Schumann's critical judgments still stand, and, although the present translation is not much more than adequate, much of Schumann's brilliance shines through it—"those tiresome manufacturers of symphonies who recall the powder and perruques of Mozart and Haydn, but not the heads that wore

them"; Schubert's waltzes "drops of blood drawn by the thorns of roses"; "Chopin's works are guns buried in flowers", etc.

The editing of the present selection evokes no enthusiasm. Sometimes articles are dated, usually not; sometimes their source is given, usually not; sometimes there is a passing indication that an article has been cut, usually not.

For the production of the book criticism can hardly be too severe. Inured as we are to the meannesses imposed by the euphemistically styled "economy standard" we see no reason why sheets supplied from America should be so shoddy. The book is printed on that inferior blotting paper known to the trade as "antique wove", while the half-tones are something to frighten children with. The one of Wagner, facing p. 242, has apparently got crossed with the B.B.C.'s "Man in Black"; the Daumier Berlioz is an atrocity; and the one labelled Schubert, 1813, by Leopold Kupelwieser shows no indication that both these attributions are highly questionable. The English binding is not durable enough to have kept all the pages together during a single reading.

P. H. M.

Les Mathématiques et la Musique. Trois Conférences par Prof. Dr. A. D. Fokker. Pp. 32. (Martinus Nijhoff: Archives du Musée Teyler.) 1947. 1.55 guilders.

The series of notes produced by overblowing a trumpet or a post-horn consist of harmonics, and compared with corresponding notes of the diatonic scale, some exhibit discrepancies. These include the 7th, 11th, 13th and 14th harmonics. Robartes confirmed this 250 years ago by comparative trial with the tromba marine, a bowed instrument whose notes consisted entirely of what the string player calls "harmonics". He used the result in what appears to be the earliest experimental inquiry into the modes of vibration of the column of air in a pipe instrument (*Phil. Trans.*, 1692, "On the Defects and the Musical Notes of the Trumpet and Trumpet Marine").¹ Therefore, while the art of music has developed a scale-system consisting of diatonic intervals to which the harmonic intervals mentioned above are foreign, it is evident that, in practice, in the performance of music on wind instruments which depend on overblowing for their notes, the use of the seventh harmonic is inevitable, though it may be modified by the player's lips. Moreover, composers have on occasion made deliberate use of these harmonics for special effects.

Those who have had the opportunity of making themselves acquainted with Dr. Fokker's work will know of his investigation of the possible uses of the harmonic seventh in musical composition, uses which are made impossible at present on our keyboard instruments; and if they have not heard the experimental organ at Teylers Stichting, Haarlem, which provides intervals required by ten different methods of tuning, they will have read of it. They will also be aware of Dr. Fokker's revival of the Huygens cycle of 31. A tuning indistinguishable in practice from this cycle was devised in the sixteenth century by Vicentino (*L'Antica Musica*, 1555) and realized by Vito Trasuntino on an "enharmonic harpsichord" with four manuals to make available the full complement of 31 notes in each octave. The cycle of 31 gave a remarkably close approximation to mean-tone tuning for all possible keys, distinguishing between C \sharp and D \flat , D \sharp and E \flat , etc. Its claims were endorsed by Huygens. It would certainly have advantages over equal temperament, for music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, if a practicable keyboard were available. Dr. Fokker's revival of this cycle has therefore considerable historical and musical interest. But Mercator's cycle of 53, which Dr. Fokker also discusses, is only a museum piece to-day, for Bosanquet's organ showed that its theoretical attractions were somewhat illusory.

In the three lectures set out in this publication Dr. Fokker offers, amongst other things, an elegant arithmetical presentation of his argument. This presentation must be distinguished from any arithmetical argument such as may be found in some *a priori* theories about music against which this reviewer warned readers in the issue of THE

¹ THE MUSIC REVIEW, May, 1942, Vol. III, No. 2, "Speculative Music".

MUSIC REVIEW for August, 1947.* It is because Dr. Fokker's premiss about harmonic intervals is properly a *hypothesis*, not a postulate of a *a priori* theory, that his demonstrations by performance on his special organ or by means of gramophone records, become essential parts of the argument of these lectures. But the arithmetical formula on which he appears to rely for comparing the merits of different temperaments rests on an arithmetical premiss which may or may not happen to agree with the judgment of our hearing faculty.

There is a small error in Dr. Fokker's description of harmonic vibrations which should be corrected in any reprint. Harmonics are so-called because the sectional vibrations of a string (as Wallis showed) or of an air column (as Robartes showed) corresponded to *lengths* which, in Robartes' words, "ascending continually, decreased in the proportion of $\frac{1}{2}, \frac{1}{3}, \frac{1}{4}, \frac{1}{5}$ in infinitum"; and these lengths are in what Thomas Morley would have called harmonical proportion, and they form what algebra books call a harmonical progression; and this is pure physics, quite independent of music. Two misprints were noted: on page 6, 2" should be 2¹¹, and Dr. Robert Smith, F.R.S., lived in the XVIIIth century, not the XVIIth.

Ll. S. L.

Polyphonie. Revue Musicale Trimestrielle. (Richard-Masse Editeurs: Paris.) English agent: Chester. Annual subscription, 45s.

A superbly produced periodical of which this, the opening number, is devoted to a series of articles on operatic works of the *avant-garde* composers of to-day. Rene Leibowitz writes on Schönberg's *Erwartung* and *Der Glückliche Hand*, with some hair-raising musical examples as illustrations. Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* is also discussed in a translation of an article by Ralph Wood, with special reference to the difficulties of obtaining the exact effect required for *sprechgesang*. It would appear that Marya Freund paid more attention to *gesang* than to *sprech*, whereas Erika Wagner reversed the process. Luigi Dallapiccola, a composer whose works are unknown over here (although Ilona Kabos introduced some piano pieces at a recital in London early this year), contributes notes on his latest opera, and there is a chronological list of events in his career, together with a complete catalogue of his compositions. There is an adverse criticism of *Peter Grimes*, which is contrasted unfavourably with *Wozzeck*; a verdict which should gratify Mr. Britten, who, if he is not exactly the heir of all the operatic ages some of his more perfervid admirers would have us believe, has written nothing comparable to that monument of putrefaction and decadence.

C. W. O.

REVIEWERS

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* THE MUSIC REVIEW, Vol. VIII, No. 3, "Concerning 'Theoreticians' and Others".

Gramophone Records

THE new Chancellor has succumbed to the temptation to try his hand at the latest Ministerial parlour-game and has further increased the Purchase Tax on gramophone records. One more step should enable him to equal the highest wartime figures. Present rates follow:—

Records costing 6s. carry an additional tax of 2s. 7½d.

"	4s. 9d.	"	"	2s. 1d.
"	4s.	"	"	1s. 9d.
"	3s. 3d.	"	"	1s. 5d.

Mozart: String Quintet in D major (K.593).

Budapest String Quartet with Milton Katims (viola).

Columbia LX 1046-48. 18s.

The quality of the recording is so bad that it overrides all other considerations such as the accuracy and style of the performance which, here, are completely wasted. This new set is not comparable with that made by the Pro Arte Quartet and Hobday (His Master's Voice DB 3090-92) some years ago and we suggest that it should be withdrawn at the earliest possible moment.

*Beethoven: Violin Concerto in D major, Op. 61.**

Menuhin and the Lucerne Festival Orchestra, c. Furtwängler.

His Master's Voice DB 6574-78, DBS 6579. 33s.

There can be no doubt that this is the best available version and it may even be the best recording of the work ever made. There are four other sets on the English catalogues (Heifetz, Hubermann, Kreisler and Szigeti), though we consider that Kulenkampff's reading on Telefunken is the finest we have heard.

Furtwängler obtains a taut, well-balanced performance from the Lucerne Festival Orchestra and the recording possesses the cardinal virtue of allowing the music to speak for itself without any obvious distortion or mechanical colouration. It is doubly unfortunate, therefore, that Menuhin's performance of the solo part is so undistinguished. Not until halfway through the first movement (side 3) does he show any sign of having caught the spirit of the music, and long stretches of his playing sound more like that of a competent student than a world famous virtuoso. One of the reasons why this violin Concerto can hold more enchantment for us to-day than many of Beethoven's avowedly extrovert manifestations lies in the sheer poetry of sound which he has contrived for the solo instrument. Menuhin recognizes and reproduces this quality in occasional, apparently intuitive flashes, but his powers of concentration seem not to have been sustained throughout what might have been the outstanding gramophone issue of 1948.

G. N. S.

Britten: Excerpts from The Rape of Lucretia, Op. 37.

Male Chorus, Peter Pears; Female Chorus, Joan Cross; Collatinus, Norman Lumsden; Junius, Dennis Dowling; Tarquinius, Frederick Sharp; Lucretia, Nancy Evans; Bianca, Flora Nielsen; Lucia, Margaret Ritchie. Chamber Orchestra, c. Reginald Goodall (under the supervision of Benjamin Britten).

His Master's Voice, C 3699-3706. 32s.

(Recorded under the auspices of the British Council.)

Performance: Varies, on the whole between good and excellent, with, however, a considerable number of (chiefly intonational) flaws. Why need we have these in a recorded

* Strongly recommended.

rendering? Here are a selection: Side 1, Female Chorus flat on last note (G) of motto theme. Side 5, Bianca's C♯'s on "beauty" and "dreaming" too weak (particularly the first one); the Female Chorus' "endless", 9 bars before the end of the women's quartet, receives too much of a diminuendo, so that her E is killed by Lucia's G. Side 6, Bianca's G in "It is better to desire and not to have" is flat; so is her B in "it is getting very late", as well as the beginning of Lucretia's B on "linen". Beginning of side 7: Lucretia's D♯ on "quiet" is sharp. Side 8, Tarquinius employs two different C♯'s in his "Good Night! Lucretia!", the second one being sharp. Side 9, the Female Chorus' G on "lake" is about 2 crotchets long instead of four, and—side 11—her top B♭, whereon Britten has placed an accent, is too weak. Side 14, C major chord in bar before Collatinus' entry out of tune, owing to over-wobbling (*molto espressivo* is not identical with *molto vibrato*); Collatinus' B in "For we are of one another" is flat, as is his second G in "eternity". Side 15, Female Chorus not dead in tune.

The outstanding performance is Pears'; the poorest, Lumsden's (unsteady). Evans sings, *inter alia*, the Flower Song (side 13) beautifully, and praise is due to the cor anglais player for the deeply sensitive phrasing of his doleful solo (side 14).

Recording: Varies, again, between good and excellent, with a few defects, chiefly in balance. Side 13, the Mendelssohnian, *scherzo*-like accompaniment of "I remember..." is too weak, and ill-distinguishable. Side 15, the dynamic contrast between the Choruses and the other voices in the ostinato ensemble is exaggerated.

Accompanying pamphlet: This, by the present writer, is primarily intended for the musical tyro; the reader of this journal may welcome a few additional remarks (see also p. 149). The theme of the figured chorale (Ex. 16 in the pamphlet, side 11) is related to the Lucretia and Tarquinius motifs (Exs. 5, 4). The Lucretia motif adds one note to the Tarquinius motif (treating it, at the same time, metathetically); the Tarquinius motif adds of course one note to the harp figure in Ex. 2 (not recorded). I wonder how many listeners recognize the Lucretia motif in the above-mentioned accompaniment of Bianca's short aria "I remember when her hair fell like a waterfall of night over her white shoulders" (Ex. 18, side 13). The thematic relationship is quite simple, but the emotional significance of this major version of the motif is very different from other versions: It is, for once, a carefree translation, serving the purpose of recalling Lucretia's happy past, and of thus providing a contrast to the present, tragic situation. The reader may finally be interested to compare the string-wind passage preceding, and accompanying, the Male Chorus' "Tarquinius laughs her fears away..." (side 7) with the variation for the horns in the *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra* (Op. 34).

Of the pamphlet, we read that "Hans Keller would persuade anyone who had not heard it that *Lucretia* was endurable".¹ He would rather persuade anyone who hasn't heard it sufficiently often to defer judgment until he has.

Britten: Four Sea Interludes from Peter Grimes: Dawn, Sunday Morning, Moonlight Storm, Op. 33a.

London Symphony Orchestra, c. Sargent.

Columbia DX 1441-42. 8s.

*Ditto, and Passacaglia from Peter Grimes, Op. 33a and 33b.**

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, c. van Beinum.

Decca K 1702-4. 14s. 3d.

In this concert version, two of the Interludes have been extended, *i.e.* *Sunday Morning* and the *Passacaglia*. For *Sunday Morning*, see p. 124; the *Passacaglia* annexes the end of the scene that follows it in the opera. If thereby the ground bass is cut from under our feet (until it reappears, in the dominant, at the very end), we are compensated by the fact that this epilogue gives us an inversion of the *Passacaglia*'s initial viola solo (the boy's theme), on which all subsequent variations are based, and which, moreover,

* Strongly recommended.

¹ *Our Time*, Vol VII, No. 5.

derives from the passacaglia theme itself; so we may feel quite symmetrical after all. Columbia: Sargent's approach is the more romantic, but now and again his sentience degenerates to sentimentalism. The recording is intolerably rough, and so is the L.S.O.'s inexact playing.

Decca: Where Sargent exaggerates, Beinum sometimes understates. His *Dawn* is very good, his *Storm* somewhat insensitive. The forte-piano on *Sunday Morning's* horn thirds does not heed their *sostenuto*; result: their overlapping does not sufficiently come out. *Passacaglia*: Well-organized rendering, but the vibrato in either viola solo is inorganic. Elsewhere in this set the playing is excellent; the recording is good. But the *Dawn* record strikes, or rather plucks, a humorous note, i.e. the note A in bar 17—a violinist's inadvertent open string *pizz.* Has nobody noticed this, or was the record released on the grounds of "So what?"

Britten: *Folk Songs: Foggy Dew, Ploughboy, Come you not from Newcastle.**

Peter Pears (tenor), acc. Britten.

His Master's Voice DA 1873. 4s.

Arrangement and performance superb, recording excellent. In the *Foggy Dew* Pears sustains his humour through ennobling his mockery by empathy (*Einfühlung*). In our altercations over Britten's compositions we overlook his supreme art of accompaniment.

Stravinsky: *Symphony in three movements.**

New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra, c. Stravinsky.

Columbia LX 1042-44. 18s.

Similarly as "the dissonance, the 'foreigner', becomes gradually acclimatized among the consonances, its 'hosts', and thus loses its former dissonant character",¹ the development becomes gradually acclimatized among exposition and recapitulation, or statement and re-statement, thus losing its former developmental character, and raising the norm of development. The first movement (a distant sonata form derivative) and the last movement (a rondo's greatgrandchild) of the present symphony (1945) lavishly contribute to this historical process. The simpler second movement stands for both slow movement and *scherzo*. The three movements use interrelated material. White² deems the work "classical", which means, according to my dictionary, "subordinating content to form". White is right if my dictionary is right. To my mind, it is wrong; I consider classicism to be marked by balance rather than by subordination. At the same time not even the score's worst enemy (Sackville-West, I gather) can deny that it is a masterpiece. The performance is brilliant; the recording exaggerates in places. H. K.

The Medtner Society, Volume One.

Pianoforte Concerto No. 2 in C minor, Op. 50.

Two Fairy Tales (F minor, Op. 26, No. 3 and D minor, Op. 51, No. 1).

Arabesque in A minor, Op. 7, No. 2.

To a Dreamer (Pushkin), Op. 32, No. 6.

Spanish Romance (Pushkin), Op. 52, No. 5.

The Butterfly (Feth), Op. 28, No. 3.

These records have been praised in such extravagant terms by those who want to sell them that we Medtner enthusiasts must moderate our language if it is to make any effect. The Maharajah of Mysore's generosity is now well known and its true extent will be fully appreciated only when the whole collection of Medtner records have been

* Strongly recommended.

¹ Carner, M., *A Study of Twentieth-Century Harmony*, London, 1944, Vol. II.

² White, E. W., *Stravinsky*, London, 1947.

issued. Meanwhile, a start has been made, and it must be admitted that the choice has not been the best possible. Medtner is by no means as happy in his concerti as in his solo sonatas, and it would have been wiser to issue an album containing at least two of the latter, say, the G minor, Op. 22, and the A minor, Op. 30. But it seems evident that prevalent concert-hall tendencies, inflamed by Hollywood, have influenced those responsible for this choice to begin with a Piano Concerto. Although this work is played (and magnificently) by the composer, its general effect is laboured because the slow movement and finale do not reach the level of the great first movement. The weakest portions of the work reveal that Medtner has no real flair or feeling for the orchestra, and that themes that sound beautiful and noble on the piano fail when transferred to the strings or wood-wind; such would be the effect of orchestrating Chopin, with whom Medtner shares an almost exclusive devotion to one instrument. But the work is worth knowing for the sake of its wonderful first movement, a masterly design on a great scale, intellectually and emotionally filled to bursting point: in spite of the conservatism of its idiom, it contains many unusual and original features. The aggressively wry styles of many of our modern composers often conceal an inability to control tonality, which Medtner masters easily on the largest scale. Except for some excessive string vibrato the Philharmonia Orchestra plays very well under Dobrowen; the recording is for the most part fair.

The three solo pieces played by Medtner show him as a miniaturist who can make a big effect without exceeding prescribed limits. At first hearing much of Medtner reminds us of Rachmaninov, but the closer the acquaintance the less the resemblance intrudes, for Medtner has powers of concentration and organization that were denied to the other; these become plain on the smallest scale. The songs are sung (with the composer at the piano) by Tatiana Makushina (Opp. 52, No. 5 and 28, No. 3) and by Oda Slobodskaya (Op. 32, No. 6). Both these sopranos are first-rate; the finer of the two is Slobodskaya, who has more warmth and sympathy in her voice. She has also the best of the three songs, one of the loveliest in Russian music. Those who are anxious to understand the greatest works of Medtner would be wise to wait for the issue of the Sonatas in A minor, Op. 30 and in E minor, Op. 25, No. 2, buying this album afterwards, when they will feel more inclined to judge the concerto sympathetically.

Franck: Symphony in D minor.

L'Orchestre de la Société du Conservatoire de Paris, c. Münch.

Decca K 1639-42. 19s.

However one may dislike Franck, he was without doubt one of the most individual composers of the nineteenth century, and his lapses in taste do little to diminish his mastery. This performance tends to spoil the broad outlines by pushing and poking at details. A steady tempo is rarely allowed to establish itself for long, with the result that Franck's considerable control of the pace in the first movement is horribly loosened. In the finale the effect is worse, for there are some passages that are questionable at best; when they are magnified as much as Münch stretches the unfortunate brass second subject, they become, to one person at least, unbearable. Why cannot conductors perform this work without pulling it about? The recording has a slightly troublesome reverberance, and some detail gets obscured; otherwise it is sonorous and brilliant. The orchestral playing is extremely fine, and only the all-important interpretation is unsatisfactory.

Handel-Harty: Suite from the Water Music.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, c. Cameron.

Decca K 1582-3. 9s. 6d.

The acoustical effect here suggests this to have been recorded on Platform 13 in St. Pancras Station. So far as one can tell, the performance is a pleasant one, though without much distinction in the horn department. The recording is so poor that the discs should never have been issued.

Rossini: Ballet Music from William Tell.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, c. Cameron.

Decca K 1454-5. 9s. 6d.

This is better recorded than the Handel, but the performance is frankly dull, without very much of the point and sparkle so necessary in this music. One wonders if the Musicians' Union would be prepared to admit any discrepancy between this kind of routine jog-trot and the style that one is accustomed to hear from the Viennese players.

Ravel: Trio in A minor.

Trio di Trieste (de Rosa, Zanettovitch, Lana).

His Master's Voice C 3607-9. 12s.

Lovers of this piano Trio will find here a good performance (not entirely free from exaggerations) that is well recorded. Opinions about the music differ very widely: either, it seems, this is one of Ravel's finest works, or it is dry and academic. Although it does not impress me as one of his most interesting compositions, I do not feel it to be either dry or academic; it has many moments of great beauty. These do not seem, at present, to integrate themselves happily, for colour effects are often made to serve for music when something more convincing is needed. But the work is definitely worth buying: it will be found to satisfy appropriate moods.

Beethoven: Pianoforte Sonata No. 18 in E flat major, Op. 31, No. 3.

Claudio Arrau.

Columbia LX 1039-41. 18s.

Arrau's technique is superbly polished and he is finely served by the engineers, so that every detail of this remarkably good playing is clear. As Beethoven playing, however, it is not ideal: Arrau does not sustain the rhythms firmly enough and always delays heavy accents slightly, a trick that can be most irritating. The beginning of the first movement should (according to Beethoven's directions) be in tempo, and the *ritardando* should not come until the third bar: Arrau starts as if he is already in the middle of a big *ritardando* and then, after the pause in bar 6, dashes away at an entirely new and much faster speed. This he does each time the passage occurs, to the general disruption of the movement. How few musicians seem able or willing to give a straightforward account of the music while retaining rhythmic life and freshness! It is possible; and in Beethoven it is always especially exhilarating when it happens. That is not the case here, though nothing but praise could be given to the pianism as such.

Brahms: Variations on a Theme of Paganini (Book II), Op. 35.

Moura Lympany (pianoforte).

His Master's Voice C 3697. 4s.

Here is a lovely performance by one of the best women pianists now active. She has the firmest possible grasp of every element, rhythmic and melodic and plays the livelier variations with a virility that is quite astonishing. If the recording were as good as the playing one could imagine no better combination; unfortunately, the piano sounds harsh and metallic in its upper register, and lacking in body elsewhere. It is to be hoped that this pianist will record the rest of the Paganini Variations, and that the engineers will not let her down.

*Schumann: Wer machte dich so krank? (Kerner), Op. 35, No. 11.***Alle Laute (Kerner), Op. 35, No. 12.**Die beiden Grenadiere (Heine), Op. 49, No. 1.*

Hans Hotter (baritone), acc. Herman von Nordberg.

Columbia LX 997. 6s.

The first two titles (recorded on the same side) are really two halves of one song: the same melody is used in each and the poems are complementary. Hotter's singing

* Strongly recommended.

of them is superb, perfectly recorded and accompanied. "The Two Grenadiers" is not really worthy to be compared with the others and a better choice might have been made. But it, too, is very well done.

R. S.

[Other reviews are unavoidably held over (Ed.).]

Technical Report

The Deccalian: a portable electric record reproducer. (Decca Record Co., Ltd., 1-3, Brixton Road, London, S.W.9.) Price £35 4s. 1d., including Purchase Tax.

This solidly constructed "portable" gramophone is a very remarkable study in compromise. It consists of a three-valve amplifier (including rectifier), a Garrard motor without brake or auto-changer, a pick-up similar in general design to that fitted to the *Decola* and a small speaker mounted behind a plastic grille in one end of a strong suitcase-type box. It is equipped with separate switches controlling the motor and amplifier and also independent controls for tone and volume.

The output valve is a 6V6, which means that strength is somewhat restricted; but with the controls set for maximum volume and the greatest possible brilliance the result obtained from good modern records is most impressive. In particular, some recent organ records and that of the *Tannhäuser* overture conducted by van Kempen provided strikingly realistic results. Very ingeniously cabinet resonance has been utilized to convey an impression of genuine bass. The solution becomes somewhat transparent on sustained listening, but even so represents an advance in "depth" of reproduction over that obtainable from any other instrument of its size with which we are familiar.



From the point of view of mechanical construction, which is in general most robust, we comment upon the one and only potential source of trouble we have discovered; the pick-up, which is fitted with a sapphire stylus, is supposedly held at rest on its bracket by a special block bearing down upon it when the lid is fastened. If, by any chance, this retaining block fails in its duty, as unfortunately it did on the model submitted for review, the pick-up is liable to fall across the turntable with consequent damage to the sapphire point.

In all other essentials this is a satisfying product.

G. N. S.

Reviews of Music

Benjamin Britten, *Fish in the Unruffled Lakes*. Song with Piano. Words by W. H. Auden. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 2s. 6d.

From *The Rape of Lucretia*, issued separately for Voice and Piano: *The Ride* (tenor), *Slumber Song* (mezzo-soprano), *Flower Song* (contralto). Words by Ronald Duncan, with German translation by Elizabeth Mayer. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 2s. 6d. each.

From Purcell's *Harmonica Sacra: Three Divine Hymns, Saul and the Witch at Endor*. Realized by Britten, vocal parts edited by Peter Pears. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 3s. 6d. and 3s. respectively.

Of Britten's setting (November, 1937) of Auden's poem we read that "although the music fits the words in a technical sense, there is a feeling that the poem is little more than a peg on which the composer hangs a musical hat".¹ Admittedly the music has an autonomous aspect. But do not some people stand all the better together when each is able to stand on his own feet?

The male chorus interpretation of Tarquinius' *Ride* to Rome forms the first Interlude of the opera. Its last section (*Più lento*) appears previously, as the male chorus reflects "with what agility does jealousy jump into a small heart . . ." (Act I, scene 1), and later again in the *a cappella* quartet preceding the rape (end of Act I, scene 2). At the beginning of this *Più lento*, the words "Now stallion and rider wake the sleep of water" preview the rape symbolically, while the Lucretia motif explains this symbolism.

The *Slumber Song* wakes the sleep of Britten's most vigilant opponents. Not long, moreover, after the female chorus has sung it to the sleeping Lucretia (beginning of Act II, scene 1), Tarquinius uses its accompaniment for the purpose of waking her: another instance where attention must be drawn to the psycho-analytic discovery of the unconscious' tendency to express opposites by identical means.² This accompaniment of the lullaby, revolving as it does around the mediant of Britten's characteristic C major, reminds one of the first movement's first subject from his second string Quartet (the preceding opus).

Of Lucretia's *Flower Song*, which succeeds her hysterical outburst in Act II, scene 2, Britten's future Dent will doubtless say that while it is most beautiful, it holds up the drama. Its accompaniment is announced previously in the same scene, as Bianca says: "We'll leave the orchids for Lucretia to arrange; Collatinus' fav'rite flowers."

The German words don't bother half as much about Britten's music as the latter does about Duncan's words.

As for the Purcell arrangements, Purcell's spirit, I daresay, amazed at first, agrees.
H. K.

Benjamin Britten. *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*, Op. 35. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 1946. High voice and piano. 6s.

To every keen observer of Britten's stupendous creative development this new song cycle will appear as a logical sequel to the *Michelangelo Sonnets*, op. 22. Its general mood of highly emotional and confessional poetry invites comparison with the earlier work, whose faultless austerity of style and perfect balance between the falsetto-like high-pitched vocal part and a "basso continuo" of simple yet telling outline deserved and received almost universal praise. The general stylistic features are very similar in this op. 35 and yet—a tremendous change seems noticeable in the climate of Britten's music. Between op. 22 and 35 Britten asserted himself as an opera composer, thereby

¹ *Music-Survey*, No. 2, Winter, 1948.

² Cf. *this journal*, IX/1 February, 1948, p. 48.

immeasurably extending his grip on any poetical subject. The results are obvious in this latest song cycle: his facility to turn any text into easily flowing music of suggestive quality has very much increased. Melodic contours are far flung and structural designs broadening, yet something of the "limpidezza" and crystalline quality of the *Michelangelo Sonnets* as well as of the even earlier *Les Illuminations*, op. 18, has been lost. It seems almost as if the Latin tongue in the case of both op. 18 and 22 had inspired the composer to a more natural vocal style than the declamatory complexities of John Donne's vernacular. Britten's method of covering with music wide stretches of poetry, supercharged with emotional imagery and ejaculatory gestures, is ingenious but not wholly original. It is the invention of rhythmic pattern motifs that enables him to dispose of large sections of the text in a manner at once summary and hypnotic. Characteristic examples of this dangerous technique of musical expediency are to be found in many parts of *The Rape of Lucretia* (cf. especially the Spinning Scene and the Finale, *Alla marcia grave*). The *Donne Sonnets* seem to have originated in closest proximity to this opera. The recipe itself is known to all lovers of Hugo Wolf, whose characteristic pattern motifs were, however, fortified by implicit harmonies of radiant colours. Unfortunately, the latter are missing in Britten's composition, which is left bare in its obligatory two-part counterpoint with only the motoric pattern motif as musical backcloth. For the self-lacerating poignancies of "Oh my blacke Soule" and "Batter my heart" the complex and harmonically saturated style of Hugo Wolf's own *Michelangelo Lieder* would probably have yielded better results than Britten's tenuous contours. A solution of the urgent harmonic problem seems eschewed everywhere in favour of unison and octave doublings, covering many a page (most of the accompaniments in Nos. 1, 5 and 8). Only once a melodic goldmine is struck, worthy of Britten's genius: in No. 6 ("Since she whom I loved") a perfect equilibrium is attained between a truly beautiful melody and its logically shifting background harmonies. This is the only number in the cycle bearing comparison with the songs inspired by Rimbaud and Michelangelo. The very effective instrumental tints in the apocalyptic vision of No. 7 ("At the round Earth's imagined corners") are worn threadbare by indiscriminate use and the unashamed comeback of romantic harmony à la *Tristan* in the last song ("Death, be not proud") which seems to me to be leading composer as well as audience into a musical cul-de-sac. The reinstatement of expressive harmony remains the most urgent problem for the composer Britten in his admirable effort to establish a new style, which might one day give rise to a musical tradition. I do hope he will compose John Donne's deeply moving poems (whose baroque exaltations seem much more forcibly expressed by El Greco's "Repentent St. Peter" than by many a page of Britten's most eloquent music) again in later life, when growing self-criticism and detachment will enable him to achieve the desired equation between personal experience and its artistic reflection in musical symbols of undisputable relevance.

Aaron Copland. *Third Symphony*, pocket score. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 21s.

Surveying symphonic output in recent years, one is almost driven to the conclusion that only young and self-assertive nations—like the Americans and the Russians—are left with enough courage to face the "symphonic problem" in deadly earnest. It is from the indefatigable pens of Shostakovich, Prokofiev and Miaskovsky as well as from Walter Piston and Aaron Copland, that symphonies are emerging on a prodigious scale. European composers with a western orientation seem very reluctant to commit themselves. Hindemith, although well over fifty, still owes us his first symphonic essay, and expectancy with regard to a possible "number one" by Britten is at least as much on tenterhooks as Walton admirers, waiting impatiently for his "number two". (Only Michael Tippett, with his strikingly original first Symphony, and Egon Wellesz, a veteran of the still not extinct if much maligned "Viennese School", have lately kept the flag of Symphony flying in this country.)

Aaron Copland's third Symphony is dedicated to the memory of Madame Koussevitzky, whose husband commissioned the work and conducted its first performance in Boston on 18th October, 1946. It has since been awarded the New York Critics' Circle

Prize as "the best orchestral work by an American composer played during the season 1946-47". A work that has stood so gruelling a test should be taken very seriously, all the more as its author is among the most distinguished and characteristic composers of his country. Taken as a whole, the New York critics' favourable verdict seems amply justified by the sober seriousness noticeable throughout this long and elaborate score. Oddly enough, none of the four movements is in traditional sonata form, a fact which indicates that Copland seems less haunted by orthodox models than, for instance, Walter Piston in his *Symphony in C*. There is very little "development" in this work, but much variation technique for which the composer obviously has a natural bent. Closer inspection reveals that the *Symphony's* original blueprint is to be found in Copland's remarkable *Piano Variations* (1930, published 1932 by CosCob Press, U.S.A.), in which he evolved his peculiar manner of prolifically generating rhythmic variants and diminutions out of rough-hewn themes, fraught with straggling intervals and fortified by crude and dissonant but distinctly tonal block harmonies. The kaleidoscopic microcosm of these earlier *Variations* seems prodigiously intensified, as reproduced through the magnifying lens of the mature *Symphony*.

The first movement is in the character of a prelude, perhaps in the unorthodox sense of the first movement of Mahler's fifth *Symphony*. There is a distinctly Russian flavour in the initial lyrical theme in E, whereas the angular blatancy of its subsidiary at cue No. 6 somehow reminds me of the fugal theme ("Von der Wissenschaft") in Richard Strauss' *Zarathustra*. The second movement is a *scherzo* in *alla breve*. Its stubborn horn motif, rudely interrupted by the dissonant chords of the *tutti*, as much as its two contrasting trio sections (leading back to a recapitulation of the *scherzo* in the grand symphonic manner) recall the structure as well as the melodic substance of Mahler's *scherzi* (especially those of his fifth and sixth *Symphonies*). Even Copland's bent for strict two-part counterpoint without harmonic fillings reminds me of Mahler (if not in actual sound, at least in its technical resources). And his skill in dovetailing numerous imitatory entries as well as the many canons all' ottava, strewn profusely all over the canvas of this *Symphony*, are clearly indebted to Mahler's "polyphonic Heterophony" in his sixth *Symphony*. After the shrill noisiness of this very entertaining *scherzo* the third movement—in the manner of a lyrical intermezzo—brings real relief. In the chromatic vagaries of the unaccompanied, improvising strings Bartók's influence may be traced. There is also a faint but unmistakable flavour of the middle Stravinsky in the solo treatment of the wood-winds. But its prevailing mood, oscillating between nocturno-like limpid lyricism and garish noisiness, is as original as are its orchestral mixtures of harp, celesta and solo wood-winds with their attractive pattern weaving. This movement belongs to the *scherzo-trio-scherzo* type, substituting variation technique wherever thematic development is called for. The last movement, based on a fanfare theme and ingeniously linked with the third movement by way of a repeated cadential phrase, subscribes quite openly to variation technique. A considerable climax is reached at the end of these splendidly orchestrated variations, when a chorale tune, given out by the brass and rhythmically intersected by the thud of anvil claves (a late offspring of Mahler's *Hammer* in the sixth *Symphony*) leads to the triumphant re-entry of the initial "Russian" theme of the first movement, this time in D. This reappearance undoubtedly enhances the inner cohesion of the four movements and links this work clearly with the models of the later Viennese symphonic type. That Copland has so successfully withstood any inclination to use elements of jazz (except for occasional "slapstick" in the percussion section) will surely earn him the special gratitude of his European colleagues. If the general impression of this logically planned, efficiently composed and brilliantly scored work is a trifle less convincing than the composer may reasonably have hoped for, the often barren, primitive and angular character of the principle themes may be blamed. But as a serious-minded and in many ways well calculated effort to continue the glorious symphonic tradition even in the drabness of the post-war world Copland's third *Symphony* deserves unstinted praise and universal attention.

Aaron Copland. "Hoe Down", from *Rodeo*. Violin and piano. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 3s. 9d.

This is a piece of unsophisticated dance music, very effective for the violinist, who should not be all too particular about his fingering and bowing in this case. This music shows all the special qualities of Copland's personal idiom: rhythmic originality, coupled with a slight slavonic lilt in the melodic outline, which is treated here in popular gipsy fashion—without any reference to Bartók or Kodály. With its primitive jollity and exuberance as well as its pastoral drone in the bass it should make an ideal "encore" in the concert repertoire of an ambitious violinist, intent on giving his eternal "Kreisleriana" a well deserved rest.

H. F. R.

NEW WALTON QUARTET

William Walton. Quartet in A minor. (Oxford University Press.) 5s.

It is twenty-five years since the performance of Walton's first Quartet at the I.S.C.M. "festival" won him an international reputation as a pioneer of contemporary music and aroused his fellow-countrymen to some awareness of his existence. The seriousness of purpose, thoroughness of development (including elaborate fugue) and considerable craftsmanship of the Quartet were noted by Evans in the next *Grove*, and the presence of these qualities must have strengthened the decision or at least eased the conscience of a jury who were, it seemed, anxious to honour revolutionary manners as the first thing in contemporary musical thought. They were soon able to consolidate this *succès d'estime* by a presentation of the overture, *Portsmouth Point*. In *Belshazzar's Feast* (1933), on the other hand, Walton seemed to certain I.S.C.M. circles of opinion, and not only the younger critics, to have forsaken the glorious path of innovation for a conventional Kapellmeister style. Actually it was mainly the other composers in the festival who were maintaining the proprieties—of 1923. Less prejudiced listeners and performers at Leeds had little difficulty in recognizing, when they came to sound its fundamentals, the rare, pronounced, prophetic and choral-orchestral voice of an authentic oratorio composer of modern times. But there was plenty of trenchant choral declamation and orchestral rhetoric in the new message, and in the symphony which was completed two years later sheer power of expression and alarmingly skilful manipulation of massed orchestral timbres often predominated over other sound-relationships. (If Parry wrote of the "extravagant delight in subtleties of colour or tone quality which threatens the possible disintegration of modern art", thinking of Eastern Europe, what head-shakings he would have performed over this son of Oxford.) A more reflective turn of mind, less overwhelmingly *bravura*, appeared in the viola and violin concertos, but the counterpoint was still that of crossing colours rather than that of crossing lines, and in the violin Concerto, especially, solo cantabile jostled rather uncomfortably with what are usually called prickly orchestral effects.

In view of these previous impressions, which should not unduly colour the hearing of a fresh work but cannot be ignored as tokens of the Walton experience of music, the appearance of a string Quartet in A minor (much more in A minor than Vaughan Williams', incidentally) has aroused expectations on which the publication of the score is an invaluable check. I was once told at college by a practising and experienced composer that a quartet is the work either of a young man or of an old man. I presume he meant that a quartet is the natural *métier* of a composer who is experimenting in sheer sound-relationship, or of one who is returning to the search after more complicated efforts at public communication in the opera-house or orchestral concert-hall. Remembering the quartets, op. 59-95, which Beethoven wrote as he reached middle age (physical and musical), one can see that it is not expedient or necessary to grow inactively old for the composition of one's best quartets. But one can understand the urge towards this cloistered music, with its sober and alert audiences, after the dust and heat of the arena. Further, without belittling the expressive range of the fiddle quartet, it is almost inevitable to regard a quartet-sonata as the acid test of creative musicianship in which there may be

awkwardnesses (Schubert) but not evasions, since the strings, like the camera, cannot readily lie over essentials.

The Walton Quartet in A minor is on the whole a piece of solid craftsmanship, the harmonic texture and general structure being on the conservative side. There is much to study in it, for those who have the patience and eyesight to read the printed manuscript, clear but still hand-done. The first movement has the richest content. It is an *allegro* sonata-rondo, in which the main subject plays the part of Monsieur Alibi at times, disguised in C minor for the first return and openly shaving its beard off to make a smart fugue subject at the beginning of the middle episode. This expansive melody, delivered first in the high register of the viola and marked by the viola's lowest tones at the opening of the fugue, is a haunting creation. It is scored with a nice economy and some characteristic harmony which a future historian will have to assess, either as a reaction from the more fashionable linear counterpoint, in which harmonic effects are accidental, or as a definite abandonment of it. The first episode spells bustling animation, with sequential repetitions almost as sociable as Parry's and some engaging switches of metre. The fugue incident is not a substitute for invention, as many *fugatos* are, but it serves chiefly to generate energy for further development of another kind. The coda divides into two prolonged pedals, the second inverted, on—the dominant and tonic! On and from these two notes hang, naturally, clusters of melodic and harmonic spice from the twelve-note scale.

The second movement is a short *scherzo*, the main intonations of which appear to be built round the Phrygian mode (final, E) with many chromatic illustrations (not organic extensions) of melody and harmony and a final sparkle of minor rubbing with major third. A frozen specimen of the salient F-A-G-E Tone at 42 (plucked) makes an amusing coincidence with Rawsthorne's *Cortiges* in the middle of the development; bowed, it marks the coda. There is a functionary second phrase in the prickly manner, whose return in another key-group shapes the movement into binary form up to the coda—not the more usual ternary or sonata form. The term *scherzo* has been used, but this taut *Presto* is no more humorous in the modern sense than that of Beethoven's op. 74. It is something with malice and perhaps midnight howls in it, and unlike op. 74 it will not admit of any relief, however ironical. Whatever the metaphor, the *Presto* does not in any sense continue the prevailing sentiment of the *Allegro*, but is opposed to it. From these unkind cuts the *Lento*, the other middle movement, suggests emollients with its muted strings, viola theme and gently lilting, expansive second phase, each sure to recur. I find this rather jejune at present, especially the slight *teneramente* motif. The finale is a light Furiant with a lyrical interlude. It squares up the main account without any suggestion of accruing interest, and it barely balances the opening movement in my estimate. Nevertheless, the quartet will widen the composer's appeal. It will attract those who dislike brimstone music and it will make the more sensationally inclined think more about the sound-relationships about which Walton is concerned.

Light Music

Darius Milhaud. *Dances de Jacaremirim*. Violin and Piano. \$2.

Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. *Candide*. Six illustrations. Piano Solo. \$2.50.

Ernst Toch. *Ideas*. Piano Solo. \$2. (Delkas Music Publishing Company.)

Mr. Milhaud's new dances are entitled Sambinha, Tanguinho and Chorinho (Graceful, Tango and ? Choral): these appear to indicate Basque measures, whatever that may signify. Compared with the Milhaud of *Prole* and the five symphonies they are "quite harmless" (as a headmaster turned bishop once described himself to a school audience). Each has a poignant flavour, but in the third the tango rhythm reverberates too prominently to make it an effective sequel to the second. The violin writing is on the garrulous side and includes some stiff double-stopping.

Mr. Castelnuovo-Tedesco has always been interested in illustrating literature—he has furnished the Shakespeare plays with songs and, in many cases, overtures, and he has called Old Testament prophets into fresh existence in the three movements of his second violin Concerto—and now he has turned to Voltaire, with “The Castle in Westphalia”, “March of the Inquisitors and Earthquake”, “The Carnival of Venice”, and so forth. The musical results are not fruitful or revealing. The *Candide* motif recurs so needlessly at times that “Come-come” (or whatever he is called) may suggest itself as a sub-title to unsympathetic English listeners. *Ideas* is also a wrong term for Mr. Toch’s new collection of trifling experiments in “modern” style at the keyboard, useful and sometimes interesting suggestions for a background of polytonality for film or radio, but ideas—No!

A. E. F. D.

Enrico Terni. Two Sonatas for violin and piano (Nos. 2 and 3). (Carisch S.A., Milan.) 1947.

Both these works are very pleasant, richer in sensuous expression than in intellectual grip, and showing some French influences. The lush chromaticism becomes in both cases too persistent, and the composer does not succeed in making his tonalities convincing. The Sonata No. 2 is often held up by a tendency to make rather profitless rhythmic patterns, which, in spite of their charm, do not help the flow of the composition. No. 3 is more free from this effect and its *Rondo-Finale* is a delightful movement. Each sonata has three movements; both works demand a high standard of performance. This composer’s chief asset is his easy flow of melodic invention; the violinist more than the pianist will realize this.

Camargo Guarnieri. Sonatina for flute and piano. \$2.00.

Lundú, for piano. 75 cents.

Maria Lucia, for piano. 60 cents.

Ficarás Sosinha, for piano. 60 cents. (Music Press, Inc., New York.)

Guarnieri is a young Brazilian musician whose works have already aroused interest outside his native country: quite a number have been played in the U.S.A. These small works do not indicate more than that his invention has considerable vitality and charm, and that he can, as in *Maria Lucia*, use the simplest materials without affectation: that piece strikes one at first as being absurdly naive, but somehow fascinates. The same remarks apply to *Ficarás Sosinha*, similarly gentle and smooth, while the *Lundú* is a lively and colourful dance. Rhythmic flexibility is shown also in the Sonatina, which is in three short movements, demanding considerable slickness and skill from both players. Much depends, in this kind of music, on the sympathy of the players; the wrong rhythmic approach, so likely with English musicians, could make it sound brittle and uninteresting.

Rollo H. Myers. *Je peux regarder le soleil en face*. Words by Jean Cocteau. (Chester.) 2s.

As regards declamation and the balance between voice and accompaniment this song solves all the problems. But the melodic line is lacking in tensile qualities; it is too predictable, while the accompaniment in the middle section (*misterioso*) is rather conventional. On the other hand, the music catches the mood of the words and its style for the most part is apt. It should make its effect in performance.

Brahms. Sonata in E minor, op. 38, arranged by Lionel Tertis for viola from the original version for violoncello. (Augener.)

I can see little reason for this arrangement. By now the repertoire for viola has expanded considerably, and there is surely no need to interfere with the character of this work, in which the cello is so obviously needed. The opening, for instance, rising so marvellously from the low E of the cello, is here completely spoilt by its transposition

to the octave above; besides, the nature of Brahms' part-writing is often warped when the string part is lifted up an octave and the piano part is left alone. The cello often makes a very substantial bass to the piano, and those passages where it does are the ones in which the viola is unable to descend so low; Mr. Tertis provides here ample proof that in balanced works of art it is not possible to alter one thing without also having to tinker with another. It would have been wiser, I think, to have left the work inviolate.

R. S.

E. J. Moeran. *Rahoon* (James Joyce). 2s. 6d.

H. K. Andrews. *Rest* (Christina Rossetti). 2s. 6d.

Michael Mullinar. *The Seas are Quiet* (Edmund Waller). 2s. 6d.

Graham Godfrey. *Phillida* (Anon., seventeenth century). 3s.

Lionel Salter. *The Shepherdess* (Alice Meynell). 2s. 6d.

Robin Orr. *Three Chinese Songs* (translated by Arthur Waley). 4s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

Humphrey Searle. Two Songs of A. E. Housman: (1) *The March Past*, (2) *The Stinging Nettle* (Joseph Williams). 3s.

"There are precious few English songs that seem to have sprung inevitably and raptly into being". Thus Mr. Cardus, in his entertaining *Autobiography*, speaking, be it understood, of the modern English composer. And how right he is! Our native song-writers are so obsessed with correct declamation, independent accompaniments, and establishing "atmosphere", that they forget, or are incapable of adding the one thing needful—significant music. It was not because his verbal declamation was perfect that Hugo Wolf was a great song-writer. It was because he succeeded in fusing music and poetry in such a way that the poetry did not suffer in the process, while the music remained satisfying in and for itself, possessing at the same time peculiar evocative powers, that illuminated the poems to which it was allied. In other words, great songs require great music. And this is why, for all their other merits, not one of the above songs is a success. E. J. Moeran can do nothing more here than drip Celtic melancholy over some rather aimless chromaticisms. H. K. Andrews is so painfully word-conscious that the music goes to pieces in the process of being fitted with Procrustean ruthlessness to the words of the sonnet. Michael Mullinar and Graham Godfrey have written pleasing and singable versions of the poems they have chosen; unfortunately their music is not particularly distinguished. Lionel Salter's pastoral effects in his setting of Alice Meynell have the appropriate modal flavouring that Vaughan Williams has made so fashionable among younger British composers, but are used with discretion. Robin Orr's songs are little more than extended recitatives; the words of the first and third precluding any other form of approach, perhaps. But surely he might have made something more purely lyrical out of *Plucking the Rushes*, which becomes here rather a tragic utterance over a melancholy ground bass, instead of the joyous remembrance of lovers' dalliance that the words suggest. Oddly enough, Humphrey Searle's songs are the most individual and distinguished. One says oddly, because this composer is plainly in the posthumous grip of Alban Berg, with the result that the oil of his musical inspiration is clogged with the grit of atonalism. Nevertheless, there is a kind of perverse, expressive quality in his music that makes one hope for greater things from him when he allows himself to think naturally in a less restricted formula. Meanwhile, one can only say that our old friend, *A Shropshire Lad*, does not gain by being transmogrified into *Ein Neues Wiener-Kind*.

But when will our younger men give us "The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear"? Something, in short, that one can roll round the musical palate like John Ireland's *The Heart's Desire*, or Peter Warlock's *Walking the Woods*, or Ivor Gurney's *Sleep*? Of too many modern efforts one feels inclined to say that

"These shall be for music when (preferably speaking) no-one else is near".

No-one, that is, who believes that in a song good music matters first, last and all the time.

Alan Bush. *The Winter Journey* (words by Randall Zwingler). Cantata for Soprano and Baritone soli, with accompaniment for string quintet and harp or pianoforte. (Joseph Williams.) 5s.

If we did not know on the authority of the Gospel according to St. Marx that religion is the opium of the people, it might be assumed that this semi-sacred Cantata was a piece of propaganda for the Left Wing. Randall Zwingler's poem is concerned to depict Joseph and Mary finding no shelter in a capitalistic society, and his lines, though for the most part little more than rhythmic prose, rise at times to real eloquence and beauty, as in the fourth section, entitled *Mary's Song*. Unfortunately, as a poem it is for the most part entirely unsuitable for musical setting. No composer can be expected to do much with this sort of thing:

In private rooms
Important men contract their business.
All of us are minding our own affairs . . .

and there is a great deal of the same kind. One has the impression, in fact, that the work would have been considerably more impressive had it been set for speaking voice against an appropriate musical background. As it is, the composer does his best to illustrate the words and mood of each section, but his music oscillates between meaningless declamatory phrases for the soloists and angular passages for chorus. Even the beautiful final lines of the fourth section

And when my child shall stretch out arms to me
Which shadow shall I see along the floor,
The cross of death, or blossoming tree?

do not inspire him to anything like a corresponding warmth of musical feeling. To sum up: while it may be that the walls of our capitalistic Jericho may collapse one day, one suspects that it will not be at the musical bidding of Mr. Bush, trumpet he never so brazenly.

Lennox Berkeley. *A Festival Anthem*, for Chorus and Organ. 4s.

Lord, When the Sense of Thy Sweet Grace, Anthem for Mixed Voices and Organ. 6d. (J. & W. Chester, Ltd.)

The authorities at St. Matthew's Church, Northampton, have set a fine example of encouragement to contemporary artists and musicians, by commissioning works from them, of which *A Festival Anthem* (dedicated to the vicar, organist and choir of that church) is a further proof. It is no bad thing for composers to write music for the Church, since such works require breadth and clarity above all things, thus discouraging some of the more doubtful experiments in choral writing that abound in secular music nowadays. Berkeley's idiom tends at times to be a little arid, and there are passages of rather clotted counterpoint (so far as their effect can be judged by reading the score) in the earlier pages of the *Festival Anthem*, but as a whole it shows him in a more lyrical vein, which one wishes he would explore more often. The final pages provide a fine polyphonic climax, and the work, given the musically efficient performance it is certain to get, should prove highly effective. The second piece does not give quite the same impression of spontaneity. It is full of ingenious canonic devices and passages of imitation, but gives one the feeling of what might be called academicism in the modern vein.

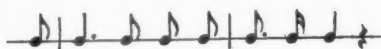
Schubert. *The Swan Song*. English version by Richard Capell. (Augener.)

So long as English vocalists prefer to sing, and English audiences to hear, songs sung in languages in which 90 per cent. of them could not so much as order their breakfast correctly, so long will translations be banned from our concert platforms. But whatever may be said for cultural purism as regards song-recitals in public, there is surely no reason to extend this attitude to the home where, more perhaps than any other German composer, Schubert belongs by right. If only, therefore, amateur singers would rid themselves of the notion that there is some peculiar virtue in singing German *lieder* "in the original",

and turn their attention to some of the excellent translations that have been made of Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, they would widen their own musical culture, and possibly that of their friends; always assuming that the latter can be persuaded to listen.

The so-called *Schwanengesang* cycle contains, of course, some of Schubert's supreme lyrical and dramatic masterpieces. From the interpretative point of view, therefore, certain of them may well present difficulties that may deter all but the most gifted amateur singer and, for that matter, some professionals as well. But with the obstacle of a foreign language removed, and a translation that, unlike some made in the last century, is not in the least "shame-making", they may feel less discouraged to make the effort. Moreover, apart from their other merits, Mr. Capell's versions seem eminently singable from the purely technical point of view, which should be a further inducement to use them.

As one who has tried his own hand at the task, no-one knows better than the writer how many are the pitfalls that beset the song translator. Let it be said then, that Mr. Capell's verses are, on the whole, so excellent that any criticisms that follow must not be put down to musical obscurantism or petty fault-finding. But it seems a pity that here and there one finds certain misfits that might have been avoided with a little more ingenuity. In *Doppelgänger*, for example, the words "*mir graust es*" might surely have been better rendered as "I shudder", rather than the melodramatic "God above us". Again, there is a badly misplaced accent in this line



What dost thou aping my old cry

where the stress falling on "my" gives the word an unnecessary emphasis, which could have been got over by the substitution of "Why dost thou ape my bitter cry", or something similar. In some of the other songs Mr. Capell departs rather further from the original German than is altogether justified, although as these licences occur mainly in the lyrical songs they be more easily forgiven. On the other hand, occasional lapses into undeniable banality such as this, from *Liebesbotschaft*:

Tell what I say to the girl that I love,
Tell her I call her an angel, a dove,

are less easy to condone. But, taken as a whole, Mr. Capell's verses fulfil their purpose admirably, and should do something towards establishing Schubert in the place where, as was stated above, he most fittingly belongs, so far as the songs are concerned, which is in every musical home.

Thomas B. Pitfield. *Night Music*. Choral Suite. Words by the Composer. (Augener.) 3s. 6d.

A charming set of pieces which should achieve, and deserves, popularity. The composer's idiom is not extravagantly modern, and the choral writing will present no difficulties to any well-trained body of singers. The only criticism called for is the rather foolish title—*Inverse Sevenade*—given to what is perhaps the most attractive number of the Suite. Incidentally, Pitfield's poems are quite worthy of the music to which he has set them, which is to praise them highly. C. W. O.

W. F. Bach, edited Yella Pessl. Sonata in C minor, for Viola and Harpsichord. (Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d.

The range, double-stopping and broken chord passages in the string part of this sonata, indicate clearly, as the editor remarks, that it was originally intended for the viola; and this is sufficiently rare in classical music to be of note. Neither pianist nor violist, moreover, will find it technically uninteresting. It is the more unfortunate therefore that musically this work is a peculiarly dull example of eighteenth-century pedantry.

Alec Rowley. *Miniature Concerto*. Reduction for Two Pianos. (Boosey & Hawkes.) 6s.

This little Concerto should be popular with school orchestras and schoolboy soloists. Mr. Rowley has chosen to write it in classical idiom, and would, no doubt, prefer the listener not to take the piece too seriously. He has, however, achieved, within these voluntarily imposed restrictions, a consistency of style and neatness of expression which are a high tribute to his craftsmanship.

Beethoven, arranged Tertis. Sonata in G minor, arranged for Viola and Piano. (Augener.) 4s.

It was about forty years ago when Mr. Tertis first began to get into hot water with the purists for his transcriptions. He is still at it; but no viola player will quarrel with him, certainly not the amateur who, if he seeks a little quiet chamber music, must either make his own transcriptions, or else achieve the virtuosity of Mr. Tertis himself so as to be able to tackle the music which has been written for the viola during the present century. Most of this Sonata is more interesting for the pianist than for the violist, and those passages where the cello reinforces the bass do not come off well transcribed to the viola. There is, however, much which is effective on the lighter instrument; and it should be noted, too, that Mr. Tertis' fingering directions are, happily, less individual than those in other works which he has edited.

Arnold Cooke. *Alla Marcia*, for Clarinet and Piano. (Oxford University Press.) 3s.

This is a neat little piece with no pretensions. The harmony is modern but wholly convincing, and the work is interesting musically and effective instrumentally. The only thing which is rather surprising, in a piece of this character, is the unrelieved *legato* of the clarinet part.

N. G. L.

Richard Strauss. *Metamorphosen*. 7s. 6d.

Salome's Dance. 10s.

Rosenkavalier Waltzes. 6s. 3d. (Boosey & Hawkes.)

Paul Creston. *Two Choric Dances*. (Schirmer.) 7s. 6d.

The music of Richard Strauss, so little heard during the war, and during the previous years either extravagantly praised or unjustly belittled, can now be seen with a calmer and clearer vision. The issue of miniature scores of *Salome's Dance* and a suite of Waltzes from *Der Rosenkavalier* reminds us once more of the gusto and sumptuousness of his idiom, but in so much of what he wrote in later years he seemed to be going over the same ground too often. Of his most recent works the oboe Concerto has already won considerable and well deserved popularity owing to its great charm and delicacy, but it tells us nothing strikingly new about its composer. However, in the *Metamorphosen* Strauss uses all his richness and spaciousness of style in a manner for which there is no obvious parallel in any of his earlier works. It is scored for twenty-three solo strings; the main ideas are stated during the long opening paragraph. One phrase is strongly reminiscent of the slow movement of Beethoven's third Symphony, and that this quotation is intentional is made clear during the closing bars. The movement is of considerable length, but its sustained and unsensational eloquence never flags; contrasts are obtained by variations of tonality and extremely skilful handling of the medium. The style is definitely that of Strauss, but with much less than his usual concern for outward effects, and its deeply brooding expressiveness gives it a high place in his output.

By contrast Paul Creston's *Two Choric Dances* for orchestra seem very small. They are picturesquely scored, with considerable rhythmic vivacity and not infrequent reminiscences of Falla and Stravinsky. The idiom catches quite successfully the atmosphere of restlessness and rather superficial gaiety of the 1920's but there is little individuality behind it.

P. F. R.

Correspondence

4, Norton Way N.,
Letchworth, Herts.
29th February, 1948.

HUGO WOLF'S UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—I have no intention of indulging in futile polemics, but I am convinced that you and your readers expect an answer to Mr. Walker's comprehensive and somewhat ill-tempered letter. My previous letter in the matter of Wolf's *Inedita* was written in order to draw attention to my earlier publications on that subject, as I was under the impression that Mr. Walker was unaware of my activity in this particular field of research. To my surprise (faintly tinged with amusement) Mr. Walker now shows himself to be in possession of all the facts concerning my efforts in this direction. He certainly made a thorough job of it—collecting my articles down to polemics, exchanged with the henchmen of the *Richard Wagner Verein* in Vienna, 1936, and registering my personal relations with the Köchert family down to the effects my piano playing had on them. In the course of his meticulous account of my frustrated efforts to publish Wolf's *Inedita* and of my subsequent tussles with the *Richard Wagner Verein* (whose more or less collective suicide in Vienna, 1945, at the approach of the Russian army—publicly announced for the first time in this country in Mr. Walker's letter—had been in turn preceded by the suicide of many a good Austrian in 1938, at the approach of Hitler's tanks) he even admits the validity of my claim "to have drawn public attention for the first time to the early songs . . . and to one or two other things. . . ."

The uninitiated reader will fail to understand, why, in spite of this admission, Mr. Walker did not mention my name in his previous article (THE MUSIC REVIEW, August, 1947).

I think his sense of fair play, and his acquaintance with the etiquette prevailing between scholars should have prompted him to devote at least a footnote to my efforts, which he now tries to belittle in three closely printed pages of your correspondence section. The impressions he gathered from my articles are those "of a man describing in print things he has never had time properly to examine". There certainly is a grain of truth in this unfriendly statement. But Mr. Walker—so well acquainted with the antecedents and political implications of my case—should be the very last to criticize these shortcomings. In taking up once more the arguments of Herren Rigler and Bayer (*par nobile fratrum*) with regard to the word "discovery" (Entdeckung), as used by myself in those articles, he opens himself to ridicule. It is a truism to argue, that, as these Wolf manuscripts were known to certain members of the *Richard Wagner Verein* and to members of the Köchert family, they could never be "discovered". The American continent was certainly well known to the red Indians, who inhabited it, before Columbus discovered it for the consciousness of the civilized world.

I have never tried to assert that my articles on the great subject of Wolf's *Inedita* constituted "a last word" on this matter. They were a first attempt to draw public attention to this hitherto neglected musical treasure store and they set the ball rolling, which subsequently led to the publication of the three volumes of early songs. Mr. Walker's critical commentary on these articles is very welcome, as coming from a scholar, who (contrary to myself) has had ample time to examine the manuscripts in Vienna under the protection of the four occupying powers and threatened by nothing more sinister than the occasional danger of frostbite. I would have enjoyed the fruits of Mr. Walker's industry even more, had he published these interesting details in his previous article, without having to take his cue from me.

Perhaps the strangest feature in this whole affair is the fact that Mr. Walker has never made any effort to obtain my personal account of the happenings between myself and the *Richard Wagner Verein* in 1934-36, although the way from Orpington to Letchworth is certainly shorter and less cumbersome than the journey from Kent to Austria. It would have been all the more important for him in his laudable tendency "only to discover the truth" to hear my account, as the facts of this affair seem to have been presented to him in a rather biased fashion. But Mr. Walker obviously does not believe in the antiquated principle of "*audiat ut altera pars*". He quite candidly confesses his ideal of "lofty philosophical objectivity" to be represented by George Santayana, who, when asked for his opinions on Fascism and Communism, replied: "Doubtless there are good things in both"! A professed adherent to this startling brand of philosophy really cannot be blamed for drawing a rather inaccurate picture of events just to suit his purposes. He will blandly declare the chief contributors to the *Anbruch*, Vienna, to be "all Jews", even if "lofty philosophical objectivity" should be able to supply some good "Aryans" among the latter, such as the late Alban Berg and Ernst Křenek. He will operate indiscriminately with the discriminatory epithets "Jew" and "Refugee", without calling his "lofty philosophical objectivity" into play to find out if those terms are applicable in the case in hand. Finally, he will draw a sketch in black and white of the Vienna of 1936 (which was not yet favoured by his

presence in the circles of Hugo Wolf research), in which two equal parties—the Jews and the Nazis—were “hostile to each other”, naively assuming that every person not seeing eye to eye with Hitler or his Austrian fifth column must needs be a Jew. *Et cetera*. . . . It would, indeed, be a waste of your valuable space to comment on all the meanderings of Mr. Walker's Crypto-Fascism.

To sum up: The sentence in his previous article to which I took exception in my first letter (“a mass of early drafts and sketches *not previously known to Wolf research* . . .”) has been so effectively invalidated by Mr. Walker himself, that nothing remains for me except to express my complete satisfaction. He has relevantly proved in his letter that he had acquainted himself thoroughly with all my publications on this subject (little as he thinks of them), before publishing the results of his own research. In addition, he has perused a number of references to Wolf's *Inedita* published before and after my articles of 1935. He has unintentionally made good the intended omission of my name from his previous article (M.R., August, 1947) by furnishing your readers with the highly diverting account of my past wrangles with members of the *Richard Wagner Verein*. That, after so much self-refutation, he still keeps on calling the incriminated sentence of his article “a statement of fact” instead of a *suppressio veri*, is a whim of his private Quixotism, taking in nobody who is conversant with the facts. But it may make him a laughing stock in the eyes of those of your readers who have not yet adopted George Santayana's creed of “lofty philosophical objectivity” and persist in calling a spade a spade.

Yours faithfully,

H. F. REDLICH.

52, Darrick Wood Road,
Orpington, Kent.
7th March, 1948.

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—In my article on the *Italian Serenade* I made no mention of the writings of Dr. Redlich because those writings contain nothing of the slightest value upon the subject I had chosen to discuss. In preparing my article I did not, as Dr. Redlich thinks, carefully collect and study his writings, make personal inquiries about him in Vienna and then deliberately exclude him from all mention. My knowledge of his Wolf articles goes back to 1938, when I was collecting material for a biography of Wolf, recently completed. I made no special inquiries about him in Vienna, but merely listened to what was told me.

It was only when Dr. Redlich pushed himself forward to repeat his absurd claims to have discovered the *Prinz von Homburg* music, *Morgenhymnus*, and the rest, that I was forced to expose his ignorance of this subject. I think I did it pretty thoroughly, quoting chapter and verse, and I notice that in his reply he carefully avoids any reference to these matters.

I don't propose to argue about whether his vague remarks concerning the string quartet movements he saw in 1934 merit the dignity of the term “Wolf research”. But I think he is wrong in believing that his arguments could appeal to readers who like to call a spade a spade. A case like his could only convince those who insist on calling a salt-spoon a bloody shovel.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK WALKER.

[This correspondence is now closed (Ed.).]

3, Gray's Inn Place,
London, W.C.1.

“THE TRUE SCHUBERT”

To the Editor of THE MUSIC REVIEW.

SIR,—Professor Deutsch has pointed out to me that “the countess” in the extract from Schubert's Zseliz letter of 8th September, 1818 (THE MUSIC REVIEW, November, 1947, p. 249) refers to the mother of the dedicatee of the F minor Fantasia, not to the dedicatee herself, then a little girl of thirteen, i.e. to the Countess Rosine Esterházy (1779–1854), not to the Countess Karoline (1805–51). This does not invalidate, nay, perhaps confirms, my conclusion (if mine it be) that the secret of Schubert's life was prostration before an ideal, of which the most approximate human image was the musical personality of Beethoven. In the same letter, on p. 100 of *Schubert, A Documentary Biography*, the mother is spoken of as “the countess” and her daughters as “the little countesses”. Confusion on my part between Ferdinand Mayerhofer and Johann Mayrhofer is responsible for my making an erroneous correction of Professor Deutsch's commentary (p. 529), but I think a reader of his book would be less bewildered had the name been printed May[e]rhofer on p. 528 in the second line of Schubert's letter.

Yours faithfully,

E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN.

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